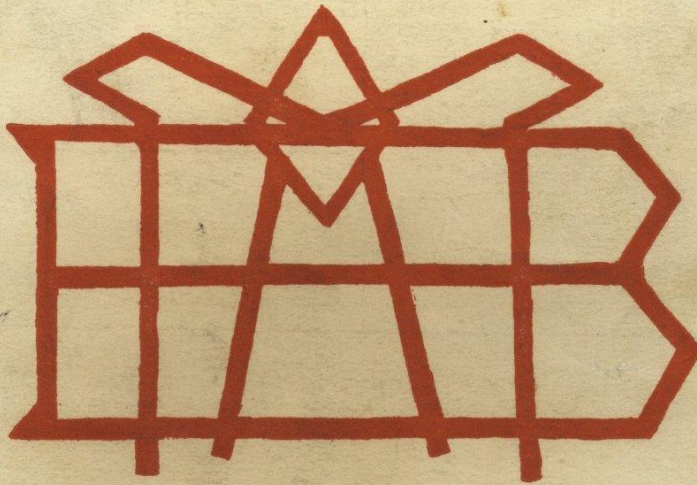




MONTGOMERY BELL BULLETIN



SENIOR
COMMENCEMENT ISSUE
1923

PUBLISHED BY
THE STUDENTS *of*
MONTGOMERY
BELL —
ACADEMY

June 23

"EVERYTHING MEN AND BOYS WEAR"

Porter Clothing Co

CHURCH AND FIFTH

CONTENTS

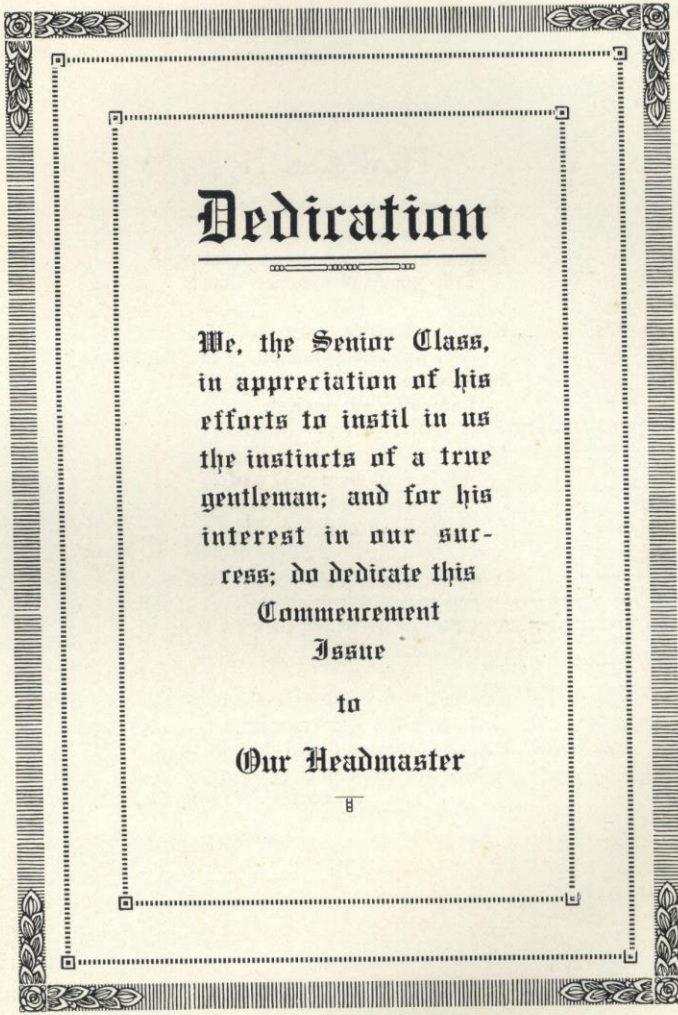
	PAGE
Dedication	3
How Can I?	4
Class Prophecy	5
Seniors	11
Kiki	20
A Debate in Hades	25
Personal Magnetism	28
The Airplane	33
An Incident from a Novelist's Notebook	34
Flood Tide	41
A Narrow Escape	42
From Bad to Bitter	45
Spring	49
An Adventure at Sea	50
A Surprise	54
Driftwood	55
Aversions	56
Editorials	59
Alumni Notes	66
Exchanges	70
Locals	73

The Latest Styles At the Lowest Prices

619-21
CHURCH
STREET

Joe Mores Co
Clothing & Furnishings

FACING
CAPITOL
BOULEVARD



Dedication

We, the Senior Class,
in appreciation of his
efforts to instil in us
the instincts of a true
gentleman; and for his
interest in our suc-
cess; do dedicate this
Commencement
Issue

to

Our Headmaster

How Can I?

How can I get my thoughts together
Enough to write a rhyme
In this bright and sunny weather—
This good old summer time?

How can I settle down and think
And put these thoughts down flat?
Well, let me grab my pen and ink
Before I grab my hat.

The wide outdoors is calling me
While I sit here and write.
I hear the birds in yonder tree
Singing with great delight.

How can I help but long to flee
Out in the woods so cool,
And climb a great big hickory tree,
Or wade the deep, cool pool.

How can I do it? Well, I guess
I can do it one more day.
For, sure I know that it is best—
It is the one and only way.

CHARLES E. BYRON, JR., '23.

Montgomery Bell Bulletin

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VOL. XXII

JUNE, 1923

NUMBER 4

Class Prophecy



ALIGHTED from the Pan-American one fine morning in May, 1943, and I certainly was glad to be at home again, for I hadn't been in Nashville in a period of fifteen years. Why so long? Well, it may have been a case of circumstances, or it may have been necessity. You remember how the good people of Nashville awoke and discovered the loss of thirty thousand dollars out of the city treasury, and my absence at the same time, don't you? Anyhow, I wasn't entirely to blame, for Johnny Cartwright had persuaded me into investing the aforesaid thirty thousand in a race horse venture. He portrayed our venture so rosily that naturally I put up the money. About two days after I put up the money I discovered that it was not on a horse at all, but was "Old Toby", the mule at school. I started packing immediately and left, and I was in Panama nearly three weeks when I discovered that Johnny had ridden him himself in the Derby (and I wondered why the odds had been so good!).

Briskly I started up Broad Street and had nearly reached Eighth Avenue when I was greeted with, "Shine, boss? Shine?" I glanced up and recognized no one but Gordon Connor. For a second I thought that maybe I was mis-

taken, so I glanced up over the door and read: "Signor G. Connordoro. Shoe Shine Parlor".

I went in and sat down. He certainly was glad to see me, and showed that he was in the vigorous manner in which he shined my shoes.

"How's the school?" I inquired.

"It isn't doing so well," he answered. "About five years ago Mr. Ball decided to allow girls as well as boys to attend, and quite a few attended. That being their first year there, naturally they were freshmen as well as fresh girls, so the boys decided to accord them the same treatment that all freshmen received—namely, running them through the pipe. But at this stage of affairs the girls rebelled and, banding themselves together, drove every boy away. So today the old school is attended by nothing but girls. Isn't that awful? But I do hear that they have a strong chance at the rope jumping championship this year."

This episode unmanned me just as it did the school, and say! Where did you get that weaker sex stuff, anyway?

"How's all the boys?" I asked, for two reasons—one, to find out, and the other to take up time so as to get a good shine.

"Some's good and others aren't; same as they used to be," he replied.

"How's Kelly?" I asked.

"Well, you know," he said, "Kelly's case is funny. About three years ago Kelly fell off the Sparkman Street bridge into the river and narrowly escaped death, but he was rescued by a fisherman. Immediately he got religion and became an evangelist, going around town, preaching. The gist of his sermons was, 'You will not sin if you will remember death'; but he had few followers, so he became disgusted and left. At present he is in Iceland preaching to the Esquimaux."

"Oh, 'Son'," said he, "is getting along fine; he is driving

"Well, that certainly is strange," said I. "How's 'Son'?"

a sprinkling cart; he is due to pass here at any minute now; but he had a narrow escape, too. About a month ago he was nearly fired for drinking too much ice water. 'Son' is not the only one who has devoted his life to the public service. Roberson Cowen and Harold Boulware are street cleaners."

"What about Zac Coles?" I asked.

"Zac? Well, Zac decided about four years ago that the census bureau was all wrong, and that there was but one girl in the United States, so he ran off and got married; but I believe that he has had a reversion of opinion. Anyhow, we don't hear much from Zac, because the authorities keep him jumping from state to state on bigamist charges."

"I see," said Gordon, continuing, "that you want to hear about all the boys, so I'll tell you about 'em as far as I'm able."

"That will coincide nicely with the process of shining my shoes," thought I. "Well, go on," said I, aloud.

"Don C. Buell is a big, fat, church-going farmer. It seems that he married a farm up in Pendington's Bend.

"'Smuck' Eaton is the owner and proprietor of a second-hand shoe store down on Third and Broad, and I'll say this much for 'Smuck'—he has his whole sole in the business.

"Louis Davis is doing absolutely nothing. He was by here the other day, and you should have seen his personal appearance. His wardrobe were the cast-off specimens of half a dozen fashions and eras. Two factories had combined their efforts in providing shoes for his feet. I declare, he reminded me of Robinson Crusoe.

"McGowan is the conductor of a class in ballet dancing at the Labor Temple every Tuesday and Friday nights.

"Dean Bradford has entered the newspaper field, and some claim, although I doubt it, that some day his sales will equal those of Ike Hirsh's."

During Gordon's recital I heard a noise in the street. I looked out, thinking that perhaps it might be "Son" on his sprinkling cart. I noticed High School for the first time.

"Why," said I, "that looks like the penitentiary, with all its windows barred."

"It is," said Gordon. "Soon after you left they found that High School was better adapted for a penitentiary than the building that they were in, so they moved into High School, and, would you believe it, that over five-eighths of the inmates are perfectly satisfied and contented, because they felt at home, having attended High School at some time or other."

"'Bulldog' Mayo is the warden, but here some time back there was a petition going the rounds trying to oust 'Bulldog.' It seems that once a week he would have all the windows opened, allowing the sunshine and fresh air to come in, and the people said this was entirely wrong, for he was making mollicoddles out of them, because at least five-eighths of them had never been accorded that fine treatment before. But I suppose you want to hear about the other boys, for High School never did interest anyone at any time."

"Well, Jim Ed Walker is the chief executive of Monterey, and it was due to his efforts alone that Monterey secured two blocks of pavement and a watering trough for horses. Yeh! He leads all the civic movements."

"Max Wise is in the pawnbroker business, and he'll take anything from a cradle to a tombstone."

"Wicky Read is a prosperous barber. In fact, he controls nearly all the trade of Nashville. At his shop shaves are three cents and hair cuts are a nickel. If he had any assistants, he would be making money."

"William Danley is elephant trainer for Lurton Ralls' circus. Didn't you know Ralls had a circus? Why, he is the main attraction; people come thirty miles to see him whenever they have a show."

"Byron, as you know, was slightly given to oratory. About a year ago he was addressing the Boilermakers' Local on Grecian art after the Renaissance, and eight of the boiler-

makers laughed themselves to death. So Byron is serving a term for manslaughter up at the old High School building.

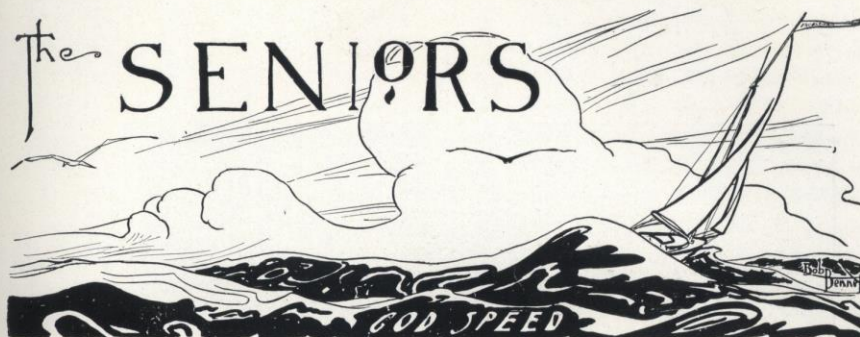
"Harris and Hart are in the medical profession and both are doing well. They travel over the country together selling a medicine called 'Bunko'. It's good for horses, flu, sprains, backache, eye strain—in fact, you can't name an ailment or condition it won't cure. If you don't believe me, why, just ask them.

"Russel Niles? Well, I'll have to stop and shed a few tears for Rusty, because about a year ago Rusty was found to have some chickens that he hadn't exactly raised. So the Ku Klux caught Rusty, and he hasn't been heard of since.

"Ralph Morrissey went on the stage, but later entered the movies, where he is a huge success. When Ben Turpin saw that he was being supplanted by Ralph in appreciation, he cried so hard that he cried his eyes straight again; but he didn't have a chance from the beginning, for you remember Ralph."

"Gordon," I said, "I believe I'll go right back to Panama immediately. I would like to look these boys up, but I'm afraid that 'Bolldog' has become too tender-hearted to converse with a roughneck like me; Eaton may try to sell me some worn-out shoes; and 'Son' Hitt may be perched so high on his sprinkling wagon he can't look down and notice me. No, I think I'll go right back to my hacienda, surrounded by cocoanut trees and monkeys; they will remind me fully of the Senior Class of 1923. By the way, Gordon, this is a bully shine."





ELDRIDGE HITT, "Son"

Σ Φ Ω

President Senior Class; Bulletin Staff, '21-'22; Scholl Committee, '21-'22-'23; Winner Senior Math. Prize, '23.

CARNEY HARRIS, "Conn"

WICKLIFF READ, "Wick"

Σ Φ Ω

Baseball Manager, '21; Secretary and Treasurer Clark Literary Society.

ROBERT MOORE, "J. R. L."

HAROLD BOULWARE, "Fat"

K Α Φ

GORDON CONNOR, "Bob"

Σ Φ Ω

RALPH MORRISSEY

Δ Σ

Bulletin Staff; Representative in Oratory to Castle Heights; Editor of Annual; Winner Declamation Contest in Upper School, '23; Winner Sixth Form Prize, '23.

CHARLES E. BYRON, "Lord"

K Α Φ

Winner of Medal in Oratory at University of South, '23; Bulletin Staff.

LURTON RALLS

K Α Φ

Captain Football Federals, '22.

ALEX HART

RUSSELL NILES, "Ponzi"

Σ Φ Ω

HUME BRACY, "Human"

De Molay.

WILLIAM DANLEY, "Bill"

K Α Φ

JIM ED. WALKER, "Pucile"

Σ Φ Ω

Basketball, '21-'22; Bulletin Staff.

WM. MCGOWAN, "Bill"

DEAN BRADFORD, "Brad"

K Α Φ

Bulletin Staff; School Committee, '20-'21-'22.

MAX WISE, "Wiseman"

ROBERSON COWEN

JULIAN MAYO, "Bull Dog"

K Α Φ

Football, '21-'22; Manager Basketball, '23; Secretary and Treasurer Senior Class; Bulletin Staff.

ZACK COLES

Σ Φ Ω

Football, '22; Baseball '19; School Committee, '20; Bulletin Staff.

LOUIS DAVIS, "Louie"

Φ Θ Γ

Bulletin Staff.

JOHN CARTWRIGHT, "Molly"

Σ Φ Ω

Vice-President Senior Class; School Committee, '22; Football, '20, '21, '22; Manager, '22; President Clark Literary Society.

1993

Montgomery-Bell Academy



FOOTBALL SQUAD, 1922

Standing (left to right): Pinson (Coach), Hines, Eakin, Lusky, Cartwright (Manager), George Baker, Sanders, Ralls, Porter, Eaton, Kneeling: Raulston, Coles, Ball, O. Geny, Leftwich, Waldrum, Martin, Stokes, Roberts, Seated: Nell, Mayo, Piper, Kelly, Sawyer, Buell, Hardin, Young, Bert Brush, Mascot.

Football

THEO. PINSON, *Coach*

PERRY SAWYERS, <i>Captain</i>	<i>Right End</i>
ZACH COLES	<i>Right Tackle</i>
JULIAN MAYO.....	<i>Right Guard</i>
GEORGE BAKER.....	<i>Center</i>
BENTON NEIL.....	<i>Left Guard</i>
LEHMAN LUSKY.....	<i>Left Tackle</i>
WILLIAM MARTIN.....	<i>Left End</i>
CHARLES HARDIN.....	<i>Quarterback</i>
DON BUELL.....	<i>Right Half</i>
HOWARD EATON.....	<i>Left Half</i>
JOHN KELLEY.....	<i>Fullback</i>
OWEN HINES.....	<i>Line</i>
JOHN CHARLES RHEA.....	<i>Line</i>
EDWARD EATON.....	<i>Half</i>
HENRY PIPER.....	<i>Half</i>
LEONARD RAULSTON.....	<i>Half</i>
JOHN CARTWRIGHT, <i>Manager</i>	<i>Line</i>

Edward Young, one of the best backfield men in the state, was injured in the Baylor game early in the season and was not able to play up to his last year form. The team was also handicapped by the lack of his punting ability.

SCHEDULE OF GAMES

M. B. A. 51;	S. A. S. 0
M. B. A. 12;	Central High..... 6
M. B. A. 6;	Baylor 6
M. B. A. 13;	C. M. A. 13
M. B. A. 14;	B. G. A. 0
M. B. A. 13;	Peabody..... 0
M. B. A. 19;	Castle Heights 28
M. B. A. 6;	Columbia High 6
M. B. A. 6;	Peoples-Tucker 12
M. B. A. 6;	Springfield 0
M. B. A. 0;	Hume-Fogg 6
M. B. A. 47;	Dickson 6
Total.....193;	Total..... 82

Kneeling: Stokes, Collier, Hall, O. Gony, Leftwich, Waldrum, Martin, Stokes, Roberts.
Seated: Neil, Mayo, Piper, Kelly, Sawyer, Buell, Hardin, Young, Bert Brush, Mascot.



BASKETBALL TEAM, 1923

Standing (left to right): Mayo (Manager), Buell, Young, Reed, Emerson (Coach).
Seated: Walker, Martin, Eaton, Roberts, Sawyer.

Basketball

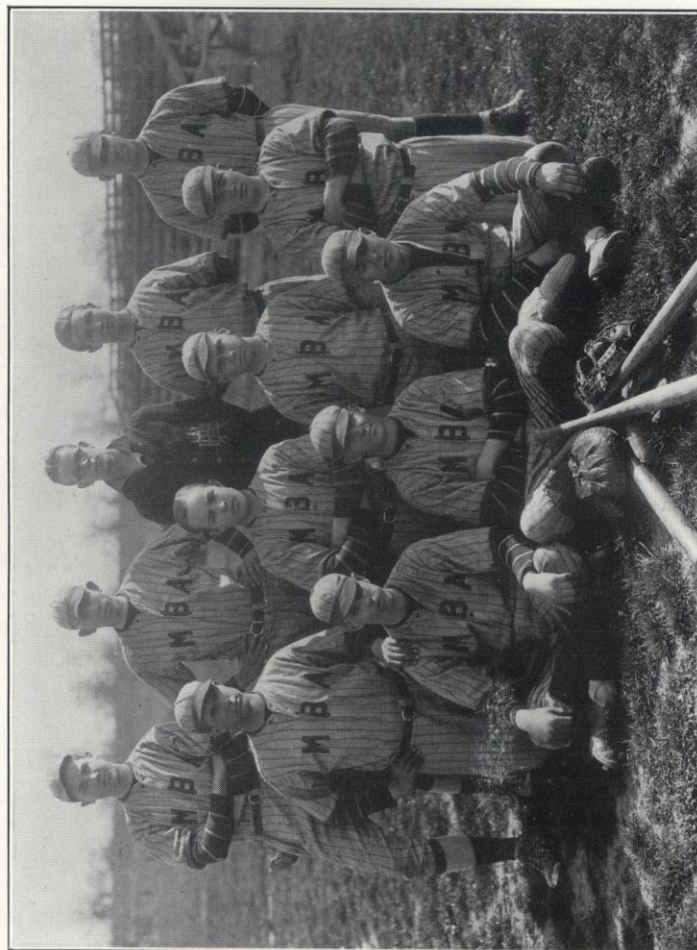
JULIAN MAYO, *Manager*

LUCIAN EMERSON, *Coach*

HUBERT REED	<i>Forward</i>
JAMES E. WALKER	<i>Forward</i>
THOMAS ROBERTS	<i>Forward</i>
HOWARD EATON, <i>Captain</i>	<i>Center</i>
LUNN BEDFORD	<i>Center</i>
WILLIAM MARTIN	<i>Guard</i>
EDWARD YOUNG	<i>Guard</i>
PERRY SAWYERS	<i>Guard</i>

SCHEDULE OF GAMES

M. B. A.	32;	B. G. A.	20
M. B. A.	22;	Chapel Hill	29
M. B. A.	25;	Vandy Freshmen	33
M. B. A.	24;	Leaders	37
M. B. A.	49;	Lobelville	26
M. B. A.	28;	Lobelville	30
M. B. A.	41;	Central High	5
M. B. A.	50;	Hopkinsville	27
M. B. A.	33;	Peabody	20
M. B. A.	29;	Hume-Fogg	41
M. B. A.	27;	Central High	16
M. B. A.	49;	Hopkinsville	8
M. B. A.	47;	Peabody	16
M. B. A.	36;	Hume-Fogg	41
M. B. A.	27;	Hume-Fogg	25
M. B. A.	37;	Winchester	31
M. B. A.	24;	Decherd	50
M. B. A.	19;	Lenoir City	27
M. B. A.	20;	Knoxville High	42
M. B. A.	32;	Monterey High	26
M. B. A.	22;	Cumberland Preps	16
M. B. A.	23;	Eagleville	18
M. B. A.	15;	Hume-Fogg	43
M. B. A.	16;	Morgan	36
M. B. A.	19;	Peoples-Tucker	38
M. B. A.	13;	Chapel Hill	22
M. B. A.	23;	B. G. A.	24
M. B. A.	45;	Columbia	19
<hr/>			
Total	797;	Total	776



BASEBALL TEAM, 1923

Standing (left to right): Kennedy Jones, Roberts, Read (Manager), Vincent Murray, Eaton.
 Kneeling: Sawyer, Tuck, Keene, Ferguson.
 Seated: Blair, ardin, Fitzgerald.

Baseball

WHEELIS WADE, *Coach*

CHARLES HARDIN, <i>Captain</i>	<i>Pitcher</i>
WICKLIFFE READ, <i>Manager</i>	<i>Pitcher</i>
JACK BLAIR.....	<i>First Base</i>
PRESTON HARVILLE.....	<i>Second Base</i>
PERRY SAWYERS.....	<i>Shortstop</i>
FLOYD KEENE.....	<i>Third Base</i>
THOMAS ROBERTS.....	<i>Outfield</i>
HOWARD EATON.....	<i>Outfield</i>
GUS TUCK.....	<i>Outfield</i>
ED. YOUNG.....	<i>Pitcher</i>
KENNEDY JONES.....	<i>Pitcher</i>
WILLIAM FITZGERALD.....	<i>Catcher</i>
VINCENT MURRAY.....	<i>Catcher</i>
HARRY FERGUSON.....	<i>Outfield</i>

SCHEDULE OF GAMES

M. B. A.....	1; Hartsville.....	6
M. B. A.....	4; Peabody.....	6
M. B. A.....	6; Clarksville.....	1
M. B. A.....	8; Castle Heights.....	8
M. B. A.....	2; C. M. A.....	1
M. B. A.....	4; Castle Heights.....	3
M. B. A.....	9; Lebanon High.....	6
M. B. A.....	6; Branham and Hughes.....	8
M. B. A.....	4; Morgan.....	7
M. B. A.....	2; Morgan.....	4
M. B. A.....	0; Central High.....	3
M. B. A.....	5; Hume-Fogg.....	16
M. B. A.....	17; Wallace.....	11
M. B. A.....	7; Wallace.....	10
M. B. A.....	5; Wallace.....	7
M. B. A.....	1; Hume-Fogg.....	4
M. B. A.....	1; Central High.....	17
M. B. A.....	14; Duncan.....	11
M. B. A.....	8; Peabody.....	7
<hr/>		
Total.....	104;	Total.....136



THE BULLETIN STAFF

Standing (left to right): Joe Leftwich, Associate Editor; Julian Mayo, Athletic Editor; Henry Piper, Editor-Chief; Charles Byron, Associate Editor.
Seated: Zach Coles, Exchange Editor; Louis Davis, Assistant Business Manager; Ralph Morrissey, Business Manager; Wm. Martin, Local Editor.

The Literary Societies

THE CLARK SOCIETY

Cartwright, President; Young, Vice-President; Read, Secretary.

G. Baker, J. Ball, Boulware, Cartwright, Cowen, Cohen, Davis, W. Danley, Glenn, L. Geny, Gray, Hussey, Jacobs, H. Jakes, B. Jones, C. Hilley, Lewis, Leftwich, Lowery, R. Moore, Matthews, B. Moore, V. Murray, McGowan, Needham, W. Omohundro, O'Brien, Park, Ransom, W. Read, Roberts, Radebaugh, Rea, Stokes, Tuck, Walker, Wenning, Wilson, Warner, Young, Crowley.

THE EWING SOCIETY

Wm. Martin, President; Neil, Vice-President; Sawyer, Secretary.

Bracy, D. Bradford, E. Bradford, Byron, Bandy, Bottoms, Buell, Connor, Coles, Doxey, Eakin, Fitzgerald, Gilbert, O. Geny, Glennon, J. Harris, R. Jakes, K. Jones, Lusky, W. Martin, Mayo, Morrissey, Denton, R. Murray, McMurray, Stockard, Murphy, Neil, Niles, J. Omohundro, Piper, Porter, Puryear, Ralls, Raulston, H. Read, Roberson, Sawyer, Wise, L. Walkins, Waldrum, Bowman, Krugman, Mulloy, Saverly.


THE FRESHMAN SOCIETY

Jackson, President; McEwen, Secretary.

L. Baker, M. Ball, Bannon, Brush, Brunner, Brumbach, Carver, Daniel, Edwards, Ferguson, Frank, Fossick, Frost, Griswold, Hawkins, Hughes, Jackson, McEwen, Noble, Rath, Simpson, Thomason, C. Vaughan, J. Vaughan, M. Watkins, Whitsitt, Phillips, M. Danley, T. Martin.

Kiki

ROBISON C. OWEN, '23

IKI came to Jonesville to reform the town—but first I must tell you about Kiki. She is one of those modern girls with bobbed hair, dark eyes, and cute. But Kiki was not altogether brainless. She was a graduate of Vassar, and thought she had a good understanding of human nature and all that sort of thing.

And Jonesville—it was a typical Main Street town of about eight hundred people. The railroad ran through Main Street. On one side were the depot, the confectionery, and the hotel, if one might call the latter such. On the other side were the post office, the undertaker's parlor, the bank, and two or three general merchandise stores, also the Jonesville Printing Co., which printed the *Jonesville Journal*, *nee Corkscrew*, generally once a week. All the buildings needed paint and a good many of them window glass. The residence section was somewhat like the business section, built in no certain order, and badly in need of repair. The Jonesville roads are good except for dust in the summer and mud in the winter.

Kiki's home was in Chicago until her father put up a mill in Jonesville and built a nice brick home about four blocks off Main Street. So, in January, 1922, Mr. and Mrs. Harris, Kiki, and the dog, "Snooks," moved to the new brick house, and it is here that my story of the reformation of Jonesville begins.

Of course, Kiki must have a place to start reform, so she decided to make a talk to the school on "A Modern Means of Education and Its Value" the first Friday afternoon she was in town.

Kiki made a good talk, but it had no effect, the whole school was so busy watching her, for they had never seen a human being of that kind before, and they were so busily

engaged in popping their gum that the talk was a failure. Monday morning the principal of the school was notified not to allow Kiki to make any more talks to his pupils, but Saturday afternoon she had rendered the town almost breathless by going to the post office in a short black dress, long earrings, and a chain dangling from her waist. It was thought for a time that the police force, which was composed of Constable Smith, would have to be called out to keep order. The excitement did not abate all afternoon. Many of the town's most prominent citizens gave their personal opinion on the matter. Mayor Johnson was of the opinion that anyone should be arrested for appearing on the street in such a costume. The postmaster allowed she had as well wear a bathing suit as the costume she had on. The postmaster's wife said she heard Kiki had gone to the creek with some of her Chicago friends, and had gone in the water with nothing on but her bathing suit. Mr. Sells, who owns the largest grocery in the town, and who was in the post office when Kiki came in, said she was bold, because she asked for her mail in a way to attract attention to herself. I won't try to give the opinions of the younger element—it wouldn't look well in print. Squire Perkins said the chain she wore around her waist reminded him of a log chain. But alas for Jonesville, this was just one of a series of shocks it was destined to receive.

Kiki's father had given her a high-powered motor car just before she came to Jonesville, and the way she drove it kept the whole town in a state of alarm. Mrs. Sy Perkins said Kiki had run clear over a tie in the road which Hank Boyd lost off his wagon, and that every time she passed her house she raised such a dust that she had to sweep the house and put clean dresses on the children. Jake Smith said he was standing on the corner at the drug store, and when she had turned the corner, a block below, her back wheels had gone at least four feet off the ground, and then came back

down and knocked up a handful of rocks as she passed the drug store.

The constable tried for several months to arrest her for speeding, but he hadn't any stop-watch, and Kiki passed through town so fast that he couldn't time her on an ordinary watch, and he couldn't make an arrest, so he finally gave it up and allowed her to remain a menace to public safety. Kiki also had a horse, and when she donned her riding habit and came through town all business was temporarily neglected to watch the passing show. Mrs. Johnson, the druggist's wife, said Kiki was trying to imitate the men, and if she was the girl she should be, it would plague her half to death to have the whole town staring at her when she hadn't anything but a pair of breeches on. Mrs. Jones, the undertaker's wife, said it would do her good to see the horse throw her, if it didn't break any bones. Kiki's little white poodle, "Snooks," was also one of the main objections voiced against her. A commotion was caused one Sunday, when some loafers tied a tin can to "Snook's" tail, and he, running home in great distress, brought Kiki in a few moments to the corner where the mischief took place. It won't do to use just the words she used in addressing the assembly, but Mrs. Sy Perkins, who was passing the scene at the time the address reached a climax, was frightened almost as much as poor "Snooks," and in the account she gave the sewing circle, she could not be prevailed upon to repeat what Kiki had said. The sewing circle had to sum Kiki up as being very bold, dressing too loud, wearing too much jewelry, and not particular about the way she talked. So Jonesville waited Kiki's next move—what would it be? Some of the town's best prophets predicted she would climb the steeple on the Methodist church, while others thought she would run her car up the post office steps; but what did happen was something Jonesville really had never before heard of. Kiki gave a dance—not a barn dance, as was customary in Jonesville, but a real jazz dance, as Jonesville termed it.

She had an orchestra down from Chicago, and Jonesville got its introduction to the moaning saxophone and the general clamor that a jazz orchestra takes such pleasure in creating. None of the older citizens were invited, and the younger set who were invited did not attend, lest they bring down upon themselves the wrath of the great goddess of scandal, who ruled Jonesville, so the dance was composed of Kiki's Chicago friends. The children, however, looked in through the doors and windows on sights which to them were before unheard of. The music, which could be heard almost all over town, turned so many tongues loose that they made almost as much noise as the orchestra. Mrs. Sy Perkins said the new-fangled instrument called the saxophone reminded her of a bawling calf, and as she was a neighbor to Kiki, she had been kept awake almost all night by the terrible sounds issuing from the house. Miss Dora Mae Scoggins, the old maid Sunday-school teacher, said it was enough to make people believe Jonesville was trying to imitate Babylon. Sy Perkins said his mule, on hearing the terrible sounds, had kicked down the stable door and run away, and he hadn't as yet been able to find him. Aunt Diana Smith said the noise at the dance had reminded her of a skirmish at Jonesville during the Civil War. The dance did create a great deal of discussion, but it was cut short somewhat by the row between the preacher and the congregation in one of Jonesville's leading churches over the church hymnals bought by the Ladies' Society. The preacher contended the hymnal contained too much jazz, and the society was discussing whether to dismiss the preacher or not. Some of the ladies said the preacher was objecting not on account of the books, but because he wanted the money to go on his salary, which they had been owing him for the past five years, and consequently he should be dismissed, and then Kiki had done the unexpected and turned their minds to another channel by asking to join the Ladies' Society in order to have an opportunity to do civic work. She had

been the previous week refused admittance to the sewing circle, and naturally the whole town waited eagerly the outcome of the issue.

A meeting was called for Thursday at the home of Mrs. Sy Perkins. Well, Kiki faced the crowd unconcernedly and somewhat boldly, and without the respect that they were accustomed to see a girl show to a society that had in their power the social destiny of every citizen. The report finally rendered was that Kiki was refused admission to the society because she had her mind centered too much on worldly things, wherefore Kiki had called Miss Dora Mae Scoggins an old fool, and told Mrs. Sy Perkins she was so narrow-minded her ears stuck together, and then, lighting a cigarette, had calmly walked out. This was the breaking point. Kiki was then socially through in Jonesville. The audacity with which she had attacked the society awed the whole town, and was a matter of discussion for almost three months, until Kiki gave Jonesville another thrill, the last one she was to give it. This event was related to the town by Mrs. Sy Perkins.

A good-looking man about thirty came down from Chicago to see Kiki, and naturally the town expected him to be a bad character. The freight agent, Mr. Bell, accused this gentleman of wearing a wrist watch. Mrs. Sy Perkins said she wasn't listening, but being as she was near to Kiki's home, she couldn't help overhearing the conversation. Mrs. Perkins said that Kiki and the man from Chicago had talked along sensibly enough for a while, and the man, whom Kiki called "Tom," had slipped his arm about Kiki's waist, and then Kiki, nestling up to him, said: "Tom, do you still love me?"

"Why, sure, I do," Tom replied, "but I don't think I have proposed over forty times, though."

"Tom, yes, I'll marry you if you will get me out of this damned place before morning."

So now Jonesville wonders how Tom could marry such a girl.

ROBERSON COWAN, '23.

A Debate in Hades

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

Characters: Brutus, Macbeth, Satan.

Scene: A path by the River Styx.

Enter Brutus: Oh, cruel Jove! who suffers me to roast in hell while that arch villain, Julius Caesar, rests in those Elysian fields in honorable immortality! But such is my reward for leading an honorable life. What else can you expect for doing your duty? Ha! Who comes? Ah, it is that noble murderer of a later generation whom men call Macbeth. Well, I suppose he will try to out-brag me about his accomplishments on earth; but, never fear—Brutus will hold down his end of the platform with anyone when it comes to that!

Enter Macbeth: Hail, noble Brutus! How goes it with you?

Brutus: Hail, yourself, you old humbug! Well, as I doubt whether I could be any worse off, I am contented with myself and the rest of us poor devils down here. Anyway, it wouldn't do any good to start anything as long as we are not organized. But just wait; some day we will get the boys together, and what we will do to hell will be a plenty. By the way, how are you faring?

Macbeth: Very well, but let me tell you something, Brutus: this sure is a hell of a place. However, it is a great pleasure to rest my eyes on such an "honorable man" as you must be, since M. Antonius said you were. In fact, my friend, I've looked for you for half a century, more or less. It is hard to find your friends down here when you want them. By the way, what are you doing to please Satan in this damp, hot, dismal, black, and fiery place?

Brutus: Well, Mac, I'm ashamed to confess. I don't believe Mark Antony himself, with Cleopatra thrown in for good measure, could have thought of such a contemptible

fate for the "noblest Roman of them all". With every person whom I meet I must plead at least ten minutes for woman's suffrage, and the trouble is, I haven't found a woman yet who believes in it. (He starts a tirade.)

Ten minutes elapse.

Mac: For goodness' sake, stop! Don't you think I heard enough of that from my wife?

Brutus: Well, I'm through; but tell me, what are you doing down here?

Mac: Why, as that "most honorable" youngster, George Washington, said, "I cannot tell a lie," so I will have to give you the sad but noble truth. I have (his face turns very red) been doing kitchen police duty for Satan the last six or seven hundred years. Just think what a fate for such an excellent murderer as I admit myself to have been.

Brutus: Hold on there—don't start that!

Mac: Sir, do you dare to dispute my veracity? Of course we all know what an honest man you believe yourself to be.

Enter Satan: Here! Here! You loafers! Where in hell do you think you are?

Brutus: Well, this is a big place, but we are at your service, your majesty. By the way, if you have the time, we were about to start a little argument, and we should like to have you give us a decision. These "no decision" bouts don't mean anything to the winner.

Satan: Well, I will sit on this brimstone here and listen; but snap it up! I haven't all the year to hear you hams blow.

Brutus (to Macb.): You were talking about being a murderer; why, I was the snake's hips when it came to murder; and then I did it so dramatically! Haven't you heard of the cool way I walked up to Julius and plunged my dagger in his liver, as he stammered out, "Et tu, Brute!" and how easily I got out of it? Why, if it hadn't been for that hound of an Antonius, I would have gone scot free.

Macb.: Yeah, that's what they all say.

Brutus: Will you wait till I get through? I suppose you noticed that neat alibi I pulled off on the world in general about how I thought that Caesar was a tyrant, and that the people of Rome wanted him done away with. I supposed that any man of average intelligence could see through that, but it passed.

Macb.: That's just what you think. It was absolutely the crudest piece of work, I believe, I ever heard of. I could teach you more about murder in an hour than you ever thought you know. Just look how I got my men—the neat way I dispatched that old codger, Duncan, and Banquo, and Macduff's wife and kids. If Macduff hadn't got on his ear and croaked me, I might have pulled off a half a dozen more.

Brutus (to himself): The conceited fool! (Aloud) Don't hand me none of that stuff. I may have killed Caesar, but I didn't rob the cradle. Why, if it hadn't been for your better half, you would have stopped before you started. Now, don't deny it, because Bill Shakespeare had it all over George Washington for telling the truth. His only trouble was that the truth, in his case, never happened. Well, it's getting late, so the judge will please retire. (The Devil goes out one door and comes in another.)

Satan: After a long and lengthy argument with himself the judge has decided that the debate goes to Brutus, but that Macbeth gets the rubber toothpick for telling the biggest lies. Now, both stand with your backs to me. (He gives them the boot.)

Brutus and Macbeth (as they take the air): "Et tu, Brute!"

Satan: Do you blame me for wanting to give up the ghost when you have a bunch of nuts like that to keep straight?

(He goes out, holding his head in his hands.)

W. B. HUSSEY, '24.

Personal Magnetism



STRUCK Monterey, Tenn., in May of the year 1952 under the name of Dr. Gimit, the celebrated Egyptian medicine man. I was alleviating the suffering and pains of humanity with a wonderful balm called "the balm of Isis." It was made of life-giving plants and herbs accidentally discovered by the younger sister of King Tut, while gathering truck to garnish a platter of boiled crocodiles for the annual feast of Osiris.

Business hadn't been so very good at the last town, so I had only \$4.35. I went down to the best (likewise the worst, for there is only one) drug store, and the druggist credited me with a half gross of eight-ounce bottles and corks. I had the labels and ingredients in my valise, left over from the last town. Things began to look better after I got to my hotel room, with the water running from the tap and the "balm of Isis" lining up on the table by the dozen.

Fake? No, sir! There was two dollars' worth of ginger and a dime's worth of aniline in that half gross of balm. I've gone through towns years afterward and had folks ask for 'em again.

That night I hired a Ford and commenced selling the balm on the main street. I had sold two dozen at four bits a bottle when I felt someone pull my coat tail. I knew what that meant, so I climbed down and sneaked a five-dollar bill into the hand of a man with a shiny star on his lapel.

"Major," said I, "it's a fine night."

"Have you got a city license," he asked, "to sell this horrible essence of bevo that you flatter by the name of medicine?"

"I have not," I answered. "I didn't know you had a city. If I can find it tomorrow I'll take one out if it's necessary."

"I'll have to close you up until you do," says the constable.

I discontinued my campaign in humanity's behalf and went back to the hotel, where the landlord informed me that Dr. Ledbetter was the nephew of J. E. Walker, the mayor, and that they wouldn't allow any fake doctor to practice in town.

"J. E. Walker?" I asked. "Why, I've heard that name somewhere before. Well, maybe I haven't."

But I immediately knew who it was. It was a bright, energetic and studious boy with whom I had gone to school. So the next morning I departed for the mayor's office with a light heart, for if Jim Ed. recognized me he would allow me to continue my campaign for the betterment of humanity.

It was an entirely different Jim Ed. that met my eye from the Jim Ed. that I had known. He had whiskers that reached to his chest, and he weighed three hundred pounds if he weighed an ounce, and if I hadn't been told that it was he, I would never have known him. Needless to say, he did not recognize me.

As soon as I entered the room he commenced to rave at me for selling a fake medicine to the good people of Monterey, telling me I would have to leave town instantly. After such a greeting I was ashamed, and partly afraid, to mention the fact that we once attended school together and read out of the same book, so I beat it back to the hotel to think over the queer angle that the case had assumed. The more I thought the more I knew that I needed assistance, so I telephone Plute, who at one time ran a pawnshop with me. We had taken some stuff at enormous profit, but were not able to turn the tickets over to police inspection, and were obliged to close.

I knew Plute would have an idea, if anyone had, on how to take the "jack" out of Monterey. He arrived that night. We sat in my room and discussed the situation nearly all night.

The next morning at eleven o'clock, when I was sitting there alone, a young fellow came in out of breath and asked

me if I would come to see the mayor, who was a very sick man.

"I'm no doctor," I said. "Why don't you go and get the doctor?"

"Dr. Gimit," says he, "Dr. Ledbetter has gone twenty miles up in the country to see some sick people. He is the only doctor in town, and the mayor is mighty bad off. He sent to ask if you would come and relieve him."

"As man to man," I said, "I'll go and look him over." So I put a bottle of the "balm of Isis" in my pocket and departed to the mansion of the mayor.

Mayor Walker was in bed, all but his feet and his whiskers.

"Doc," says the mayor, "I'm awfully sick; I'm about to die. Can't you do something for me?"

"How long have you been sick?" I asked.

"I was taken down—oh, Lordy!—last night," says Jim Ed. "Gimme something for it, can't you?"

"Mr. Mayor," I said, laying my ear to his chest, "you have the 'Cuban haintshe dontshe,' and it is a very serious case."

"Good Lord!" says he, with an enormous groan. "Can't you gimme something, or set it, or else rub something on it?"

I picks up my hat and starts for the door.

"You ain't going, Doc?" he howls. "You ain't going to leave me to die, are you?"

"Mr. Walker," says I, "there is only one thing that will do you any good. Drugs will not. There is one thing higher than drugs, although drugs are high enough."

"And what is that?" says he.

"Scientific demonstrations?" says I. "The wonder of the universe. It is a belief that there is no pain nor sickness that is not produced when we aren't feeling well."

"What is this stuff you are speaking of? You aren't a Socialist, are you, Doc?" asks Jim Ed.

"I am speaking," says I, "of the great doctrine revived by Mother Eddy, but we Egyptians had it centuries ago. It is a subconscious treatment of fallacies, flux, and flu, or that wonderful indoor sport known as personal magnetism."

"Can you work it, Doc?" asks Mayor Walker.

"Can I work it? I'm one of the last high priests of the Temple of Khem devoted to Sekhet. The lame see, the blind talk, and the dumb feel, whenever I walk by. I'm a medium. Although you see me peddling medicine at the door, and in the street, I do not drag this honor in the dust by selling it to the common people, but mostly because the common people haven't got the dust."

"Will you treat my case?" asks Jim Ed.

"Listen," says I; "I've had a good deal of trouble with the medical authorities of this state. I don't practice medicine. But, to save your life, I'll give you the treatment if you will agree as mayor not to push the license question."

"Why, certainly," says Jim Ed. "But get to work, doc, for those pains are coming on again."

"My fee will be \$350.00; cure guaranteed," says I.

"All right," says Jim Ed., "I'll pay it. I guess my life is worth that much."

I sat down on the bed and looked him in the eye.

"Now," says I, "get your mind off this ailment. You haven't any pain, wish bone, heart, brains, or anything. You feel the pain leaving you, don't you?"

"I do feel better, Doc," says Jim Ed. "Just state a few lies about my not having any swelling in my side, and I think I would be able to sit up."

"Now," says I, making a few passes with my hands, "the inflammation is gone. You're sleepy; you had better stay in bed for a day or two, and you will be all right. It's a good thing I happened to be in Monterey, for all the drugs in Waldrum's couldn't have saved you. Let's allude to a cheerful subject; say, for instance, the fee of \$350.00. No

checks, please. I hate to write my name on the backs of checks almost as bad as I do on the front."

"I've got the cash here," says Jim Ed., pulling out a pocket book from under his pillow. He counts out the \$350.00 and holds 'em in his hand.

"Jack! Oh, Jack!" he calls. "Bring that receipt, will you?"

A smartly dressed individual came out of the next room, bringing the receipt. I signed it and received the money.

"Oh, pardon me, Doc Gimit," says Jim Ed. "Meet Mr. Jack Johnson. Mr. Johnson is a detective employed by the State Medical Society. He has been following you over the state. He came to me yesterday and we fixed up this scheme to catch you. I guess you won't do any more doctoring in this town, Mr. Faker. You city slickers ain't fast enough for Monterey."

"A detective?" I stammered.

"Correct," says Mr. Johnson. "I'll have to turn you over to the sheriff."

He handcuffed me and took the money out of my pocket.

"Witness," says he, "that they are the same bills that you and I marked, Mr. Walker. I'll turn them over to the sheriff when we get to his office, and he will send you a receipt. The money will have to be used as evidence in the case."

"All right, Mr. Johnson. And now, Doc, why don't you hypnotize yourself out of those handcuffs with your personal magnetism?" says Jim Ed.

"Come on, officer," says I. "I may as well make the best of it." And then I turns to Jim Ed. and says: "The time will come when you will believe that personal magnetism is a success. I believe in it, and so will you."

When we got near the gate, I says: "We might meet somebody now, Plute; I reckon you had better take 'em off, and— Huh? Why, sure, it was Plute. That's where we got the money to re-establish ourselves in the pawn broker's business on Beale Street."

WILLIAM M. MARTIN, '23.



The Airplane

How beautiful it is to see it rise
'Way up into the dark blue skies.
The whirring motor roars aloud
As the plane disappears into a cloud.

For miles and miles you can see
To fore and aft, and port and lee;
And far out over the ocean, there,
Except for two ships, it is quite bare.

Like the winged horse of ancient Greece
It dips in and out of the snow-white fleece.
It flies upward, and upward, so high,
Till it's lost in the great expanse of the sky.

It goes so fast—just like a “zip”!
It makes a nose dive, and turns a flip,
And then a tail spin, right straight down,
And makes a few circles and lights on the ground.

MOUTRIE BALL, '27.



An Incident From a Novelist's Note-Book



F the words of the idlers that frequent the "Golden Guinea" are to be believed, the old Babor House sheltered one of the most eerie and fascinating personages of whom I have ever heard.

"The Golden Guinea" serves two purposes, and these two admirably. First, it is an excellent hostelry, where one can really get a good bed, and fare which is above the average; lastly, after the evening meal is over, and chairs are drawn to the fire, what ensues is what I may call, though broadly, a sort of symposium.

The guests of the inn are entertained very thoroughly by the loungers who make it their business to be on hand when an interesting story need be told.

After numerous lightings of pipes, and several passages of the liquor bowl, which is the prime requisite of every first-class tavern, the talk really becomes interesting, and anyone who is so inclined as to care for the fireside narrations may indeed spend a worth-while evening in front of the gleaming and crackling logs of the "Golden Guinea."

How I found myself at the aforementioned inn I have no idea, but I believe that I entered only because its exterior looked so infernally fascinating. It smacked of many interesting yarns that would be spun if I but crossed its threshold.

Places like these hold a sort of uncanny power over me. I am a peculiar being, living in a sort of romantic world—but enough of this ego—I must return to my story.

One night when the gathering was larger than usual, and the punch bowl had gone its last round, two or three of the village followers of Rip Van Winkle regaled us with stories about a certain resident of an old lodging house, which was

once the show place of the town, but which now retained only a small amount of its original beauty.

What follows is what I have gleaned after much boiling and pruning down of the long-winded fireside stories, only a mass of bits that are half founded on hearsay and imagination.

On some occasions the most alert and watchful of the villagers have seen a very strange and remarkable man emerge from the door of the old lodging house. The villagers describe him as a sort of youngish man, good-looking, in a way, but with eyes the like of which no one had ever seen before. The men were not able to determine the color of these eyes, for eyes as these have no color. They were set like a dead man's, yet contained such a sparkle and fire that they resembled the flash made by the sun upon broken bits of glass. The creature's gaze was fixed upon unseen points; he looked as if he was totally oblivious of his surroundings. He moved very quickly and nervously, which accentuated his furtive and almost shy manner. He seemed like someone in a daze or trance, moved by a supernatural power.

The idlers saw him very little. He would come out from his lodging possibly once a month, sometimes at longer intervals. He would be seen to enter the store and come out with a bulky package, which he carried with extreme care. This process was repeated every time he came from his dwelling. As soon as he would make his purchase, he would retreat to his shell, much in the same manner that a rat runs to his hole.

More than one of the village curious had tried to get enlightened on this subject by Mrs. Maddin, landlady of the Babor House, but she maintained a strict silence, saying he paid her well, and that she had no cause to complain. She told the seeker that she hardly saw him more than the rest of the town, for he stayed in his room with the door locked, and only opened it when she brought up his meals.

Naturally, such information as this piqued my curiosity. Here was something that I could work into a very interesting story. I resolved at my earliest opportunity to learn more about this singular character.

II.

With a timorous hand I raised the old brass knocker on the oaken door of Mrs. Maddin's home. The knocker made a peculiar noise, which resounded through the long corridors, sounding much like the noise made by a pebble dropped down a deep well, gradually becoming fainter until it becomes still.

After waiting ages, it seemed, I heard a door open somewhere in the deep emptiness of the house, and footsteps were audible, gradually coming nearer until they stopped before the front door. The door was slowly opened, and a head was thrust through which demanded my business.

Now, this particular head must have belonged to Mrs. Maddin, or it ought to have, at any rate. It was a head typical of a lodging house proprietress. It was large, coarse, and fat. I judged that the rest of her was similar. Her voice, however, was very much the opposite, for she spoke high, with a slight lisp. Imagine, if you can, a two hundred-pound matron playing the part of Little Lord Fauntleroy. This will fit the situation nicely.

Being a writer, and full of ingenuity, I naturally, after having stated my business, was ushered into the parlor. I told Mrs. Maddin that I was interested in architecture, and that I had been referred to the old Babor house as the best example of the work of the older generation. I examined the doors and panels with such a minute care that I am sure Mrs. Maddin suspected me. I was straining my ears for a sound from above, but I heard nothing. Finally I suggested that she show me upstairs so I could examine the top of the stairway. She hesitated. I could plainly see she did not want me to go up, for there was a look of anxiety upon her face. I placed a coin upon the table, and the look changed

quickly into one of avarice. She had decided. She motioned me to follow her.

We slowly ascended the creaking stairs, when suddenly I quickly stopped. Should I go any further? Who was this creature that came out of his dwelling so seldom? How was I to know whether he was dangerous or not? I dashed these thoughts from my mind, and resolutely went on up. Mrs. Maddin, being slightly rotund, could not follow me, so I shouted that she need not come up.

I reached the top and suddenly stopped, for, proceeding from a room at my right, began a sound of bedlam. It seemed as if an army was marching there, and raised above the stamping were cries of anguish. I felt a queer sensation, as if my skin was moving! My heart skipped a beat! Yet I stood still. I was unable to move. I gazed at the door as a bird gazes at the eyes of a snake. It held me in a sort of trance. I felt a sort of power urge me toward the door. I started toward it, laid my hand on the knob. It felt as if I had touched something charged with electricity, but it was only its coldness that affected my overstrung nerves, so I turned the knob.

Would to God I had stayed by the friendly logs of the inn, and been content with the harmless stories of the town gossips! I will never forget the scene that I gazed upon, even if I live a hundred years.

In the middle of the floor lay the figure of a man. A pencil was clutched in his hand, and papers full of writing were scattered about him. There were no signs of violence—only scattered papers.

I ran to the stairs and called Mrs. Maddin in a voice that was hardly my own. She came up as fast as her frame would allow, and hurriedly asked me what had happened. I could only point to the door. She looked in, and fell back, crying: "I knew it! I knew it! It was bound to happen!"

I ran back into the room and knelt down to examine the man. He was dead. He looked as if he had merely lain

down and fallen into a dreamy slumber. Indeed, it was a slumber, but an everlasting one.

So this was the strange character of the Babor House—he whom I had so determined to interview. I was struck by the frailty of human beings. Here was one of the most mysterious of men, dead like any commonplace laborer.

I glanced at the papers which lay scattered around him. I was amazed by the mass of words jumbled together on the pages. I could make out some of it. It was so weird it was horrible: creations of a man whose brain might be turned by the smoke of the opium pipe. Yet, in spite of this horror, the writings showed that a genius had conceived them. I was filled with a terror when I looked at those queer letters. The man seemed to have a wonderful—nay, almost uncanny, command of English, for common words were almost totally absent from his writings. Most of it was unintelligible, but that which I could read was so eerie and weird that I could hardly believe that a creature of the earth was capable of composing such expressions. It seemed as if he was compelled to let his thoughts have outlet through his pen, for his writings did not follow one another as most compositions do. Each line or two was on a totally different subject from the next. It was an almost unintelligible jumble of horrible imaginings.

I searched the man and found a small leather book, which I placed in my pocket for future reference. I am sure I did not do wrong, for it would have meant nothing to the matter-of-fact jurors.

I summoned aid, and the poor creature was placed upon his bed. There is no need of telling of the law proceedings, for they were concluded in a concise way. The coroner decreed that the mysterious one had died from heart failure. Some money was found in the fellow's room, and he was given a decent burial. Very soon the mysterious Babor House personage was forgotten. Everyone but myself and the landlady believed that the cause of his death

was heart failure. This queer man died from the queerest disease or cause that has ever been known to the human race!

III.

Perhaps the reader has forgotten that I took from the dead man's pocket a small note-book. Well, this note-book is the key to the riddle. But if it had fallen into the hands of the villagers it would have meant nothing to them. They would not have understood its contents. Yet to the man who thinks deeply and believes to a certain degree in the supernatural, the contents of the note-book would be thoroughly understood.

But, to begin with—the writer in the note-book states that he has from a certain time been influenced by a supernatural power. He states that his life has been a living hell. He must do what this power tells him or suffer the tortures of the damned; in fact, he states in his book, though I hate to set it down, that he is not human, that he is a creature from another world, forced to exist on earth.

At certain times, he affirms, queer, fantastic, and unearthly thoughts fill his brain, which must find outlet; these thoughts must be forced out and expressed or they will torment him to death. They must be unloosed. They must be set down. If not, they will burst his brain. He must set them down on paper as fast as he is able. He states that it is as necessary for his imaginings and thoughts, at certain peculiar times, to be set down as it is for him to breathe. If he has nothing to let thoughts find outlet on, he is doomed. It would be just as dangerous for him to close his mouth and nose for an indefinite period as it would be for him to cease writing when these terrible thoughts obsessed him. Hence his trips to the store and his furtiveness. His packages contained paper and pencils. He was careful not to run out of these requisites. If he did, he was a lost man.

Yet even the most careful of men sometimes lose their carefulness, for a time, at least. He let himself get out of stationery and pencils. He did not realize it, until it was too late. A spell coming upon him, with his cankerous thoughts not having an outlet, overcame him, crushed him, in the same manner that gas crushes one, if turned on without a light in a closed room. It crushes its victim unless it is given outlet through a door or window. This parallel, I hope, illustrates the case of the mysterious lodger at the Babor House. However it may have impressed you, I hope this strange narrative has given you cause to reflect upon the exotic phases of human life and character.

RALPH MORRISSEY, '23.



Flood Tide

Look! In comes the flood tide
From across the ocean wide.
The water is rising on the sands,
And now it is ebb in distant lands.


I stand and watch the waters rise,
And the sea gull as he, scolding, flies;
Along the coast for many a mile
The breakers roll, in single file.

The breakers higher and higher come,
They roar like the steady beat of a drum;
They wash on the beach fish and shells,
While the sea weeds ride on the ocean swells.

On the scarce sea growth and the tender weeds
The water bird and the sea gull feeds.
Now the water retires along the sands,
And now 'tis flood tide in distant lands.

MOULTRIE BALL, '27.

A Narrow Escape

T was a dark, wintry night; black clouds scurried across the sky, shutting out the light the stars might have shed. The wind, whistling through the tree-tops, and the occasional drops of rain, gave warning of an approaching storm.

On the lonely country road was a solitary horseman. As the storm drew near he began to look about him for shelter. The region seemed to be sparsely settled. Vainly he looked for a friendly light in a farmhouse window. Just as he had made up his mind there was nothing left to do but face the storm, he saw in the distance a small house by the roadside. Upon closer examination, it proved to be deserted, but offered a shelter from the rain that had by this time begun in earnest. Tying his horse in the shelter of some thick bushes, he entered the house, finding it to be a small two-room affair. In the inner room, he found a wooden box, upon which he seated himself to await the passing of the storm. Being tired from his journey, he soon fell into a deep sleep.

He was awakened by the sound of voices. Peeping through a crack in the door, he saw, by the flash of the lightning, three men. His first thought was to make himself known to them, but he thought better of it after hearing a few words of their conversation. He was angered to discover that they were bandits, and that they were planning to rob a neighboring bank. What if he should be discovered? Would they kill him to prevent the detection of their crime? These questions passed through his mind as he began to look for a means of escape. Richard Brent was no coward, but he knew he had small chance against three armed men. A careful search of the room revealed the door by which he had entered to be the only outlet, and this was blocked by the robbers.

An anxious half hour passed, and still the bandits planned on. Another thirty minutes followed. Becoming too restless to sit still, he quietly began another search of the room in the hope that he had overlooked some means of escape. A careful examination, however, revealed no opening in the roof or walls, and he was giving up a second time in despair when he felt something loose beneath his feet. With great relief he discovered this to be a loose board in the floor. It was but the work of a few minutes to lift the plank from the floor, and freedom was in sight. Quietly he crawled through this opening and out into the open air.

His faithful horse stood where he had left him, and the soft wet grass, together with the rain that was still falling, drowned the noise of his hoofbeats as his master led him into the road. As soon as the horse and rider were out of sight of the house, Brent took from his pocket a small flashlight and a map. He soon located the little town to which the robbers referred. It lay to the south and was only about three miles away. With human intelligence the horse seemed to understand the need for haste, and sped away into the darkness.

The three miles were soon covered, and the town of Bakerville came into view. It was not difficult to distinguish the bank, as it was the only one, and the most pretentious building in the town. However, Brent did not stop to examine the bank, but proceeded to arouse the chief law enforcer, the sheriff. That individual, after being awakened, called his force together and plans were quickly made for the trapping of the bandits. Bank officials were notified and four officers with loaded revolvers hid themselves inside the building, while as many more concealed themselves at the points of vantage on the outside to prevent escape in the event the others failed.

They didn't have long to wait. Scarcely twenty minutes had passed before a high-powered car, with as little noise as possible, rolled up to the curbing. Two of the men alighted,

while the third remained at the wheel. Forcing their way through the frail bars that were the only protection of a small side window, they climbed over the sill and dropped into the room. They had hardly touched the floor before they were halted by the command of "Hands up!" and found themselves looking into the barrels of four gleaming revolvers.


Realizing resistance was useless, they submitted to arrest. In the meantime their confederate in the car had been overpowered by the outside force, and all three were led away to jail.

The grateful townspeople, many of whom would have lost all their savings had the bank been robbed, wished to reward their deliverer in some substantial way, but he refused their kind offers and went on his way, glad that he could be of service to his fellow men.

EDWIN O'BRIEN, '25.



From Bad to Better

OUR wise men sat in their soft, loungy armchairs, smoking contentedly and gazing into the cheery log fire that burned merrily before them. Outside everything that it takes to make a bad night was there. It was raining, snowing, and sleeting. The wind howled with such weirdness that the four men shuddered, and each thought how he would hate to be out plodding around, with no place to go.

These men were all wealthy members of their club. The first, a kindly looking gentleman of perhaps fifty years, who was now a banker; next to him sat a man who, though he was up in years, had the form of a very active man, accustomed to a rough-shod life—he was the district attorney; the third, a tall, quiet-looking man, with eagle eyes, was a wealthy broker; the last, the most prominent man of the group, was the mayor, with his solemn and intellectual face.

"Boys," slowly spoke the district attorney, "a short time ago we were discussing the old proverb of 'Once a crook, always a crook.' I said that this was not always the case, so I'm going to tell you a story of real life that will prove to you that my statement is true."

They all lighted new cigars, threw a log on the fire, settled down in their chairs, and seemed ready to spend the evening listening to the story.

* * * * *

A large crowd had gathered around one of the many accidents that occur in a big city. Among them was a pretty, dark-eyed girl of not over seventeen years, who was continually glancing restlessly about her. In a moment she had nudged in beside a man who was very much interested in the wreck, and proceeded to remove his watch; but, unluckily for her, he turned around just as she had taken the watch into her possession.

"Ha, ha, my little lady—caught you that time!" he said, clutching her savagely.

"Turn me loose! Turn me loose!" screamed the girl thief.

It looked as though she was trapped, when suddenly a flashy, dark-complexioned youth rush out, pushed the man holding the girl aside and, grabbing her arm, said: "Come on, kid! let's get out of this." In another instant they had escaped through the stupefied crowd, and when they had safely reached an underworld den, they sat down to catch their breath.

"Wow! Pretty close!" panted the young man, as the girl was trying to thank him.

"Yes—but I got his watch," grimly said the girl, as she held it by its stout chain.

The boy looked at her, and it was several minutes before he said anything.

"Say, kid, you've got all kinds of nerve; and, if you're game, I can use you in my line of trade to a good advantage. What's the word?"

"Do you mean you want me to work with you?" she asked, rather dubiously.

"Certainly."

"All right, then, I'm game."

"Gee, kid, you're great!" was all he could say. So here started a friendship that lasted the rest of their lives. They became known to each other as Madge and Jerry, and that was all.

This pair worked together for several months. They had been living at Madge's small but tidy house, with her brother.

"Sis," said Tom, her brother, one day when he came home, all excited, "we're going on a big job tonight, and then sell out. Jerry just told me."

"Sh!" remonstrated his sister, "not so loud—no use in telling the world about it."

"Hello, Madge," said Jerry, coming in hastily and pitching his hat and coat carelessly on the rack. "You and Tom come here; I've something to tell you."

They both gathered round Jerry and listened to him.

"Listen: the Marvins are entertaining lavishly tonight, and there are to be all kinds of jewels displayed, especially a hundred thousand-dollar set that I have my eyes on. This is going to be an inside job on my part, for I hired out today as butler. Now, here's where you and the kid come in. Madge, you are to be in a car, with the engine running, and waiting to make a speedy getaway. And you, Tom, you will be placed where you can see me at all times; and when I give the signal, you cut the lights and run for the car. I will follow in a minute." So thus it was planned.

Twelve o'clock had just arrived, and it was raining. The wind seemed to be trying to blow the country away. Madge was sitting silently in the car, with the engine slowly running.

"Wish they would hurry up," said Madge aloud to herself. She had hardly said this when, as if by magic, every light in the big house went out, and at almost the same instant shots rang out. Madge threw the car into gear, grimly grasping the wheel, and waited to make the getaway. She heard a splash, and through the darkness came dark forms, one seeming to be carrying the other.

"Jerry?" gasped Madge.

"Yes," he returned. "Somebody tipped us off, and shot Tom by mistake for me. Open the door; now give her the gas—we've got to get away from here."

The next morning the sun was shining brightly, and it was a beautiful day, but not to Madge and Jerry, for in an old tumble-down shack, where they had gone during the storm, was a scene of sorrow. Madge was sobbing as if her heart would break, and there was a tear in Jerry's eye. The reason for this was the lifeless figure of Tom, who had passed out the night before.

"Madge," said Jerry fiercely, "we're going to cut this life and go 'the straight and narrow'; and there's no better time to start than now. I'm going to send these jewels back and we're heading for the West to live. Let's go."

This pair set out on that day to make good; and, what's more, they did, for right now they are highly respected people."

* * * * *

"Very good, indeed," said the banker.

"Yes, yes," agreed the mayor.

But the eagle-eyed broker said: "Your story is all right, and I'm not doubting its truth, but those two might have been smooth enough still to carry on their crookedness without the world knowing it. What I want to know is, how can you absolutely vouch for them?"

The district attorney looked at him and then said:

"You want proof? Well, here it is: I am Jerry, and Madge is my wife."

DAVID BOWMAN, '25.



Spring

A tiny brook comes purling down its gravel bed,
As it runs on, tinkling, bubbling, seems to sing,
Up from its mouth, clear to its fountain head:
"I'm free! I'm happy as can be! for this is spring!"

A dainty thrush, perched lightly on a sprouting twig,
Though he chirrup in his language, seems to sing,
As he flutters to the ground for worms to dig:
"I'm free! I'm happy as can be! for this is spring!"

And in the somber forest, green begins to show,
While in the balmy zephyrs, leaves all seem to sing,
As, rustling all together when the breezes blow,
"We're free! We happy as can be! for this is spring!"

The mighty mountain, shaking off his cloak of snow,
Forth from his rocky heart he seems to ring,
As down his bristling back the ice slides roaring go:
"I'm free! I'm happy as can be! for this is spring!"

The happy children play and romp in open air.
Freed from the houses and the snow, they sing.
Although it sounds so carefree, 'tis indeed a prayer:
"We're free! We happy as can be! for this is spring!"

JOHN A. BALL, '24.

An Adventure at Sea

LAUGHING and chatting, a merry group of about thirty-five persons boarded the steam yacht *Atlantis*, which was lying at a small resort on the South Carolina coast.

The party had been planned by Mr. James Littleton, owner of the yacht. His intention was to sail leisurely along the coast around the southern end of Florida, and, finally, to dock at New Orleans after a two weeks' cruise. As it was summer, a delightful time for a trip, the guests were in high spirits as, group by group, they were taken to the yacht by the small sputtering motor boat which made a part of its equipment.

When all were on board, the *Atlantis* put to sea and coasted at about five miles out. Besides the other passengers, there was on board Richard Littleton, the son of Mr. Littleton. He was a young man of about eighteen years, dark of complexion, not unhandsome, both fearless and brave.

The *Atlantis* sailed on without any incidents of mention, touching at Savannah, Brunswick, and Palm Beach. The whole trip had been one continued spell of warm, balmy weather. The passengers on board the yacht had enjoyed themselves playing cards, quoits, indoor games, dancing, giving parties, with social affairs, fishing, and all the devices of pleasure that could possibly be used on board were pressed into service.

Thus the *Atlantis* sailed merrily on, slipping through the waters between Key West and Florida, and heading north through the Gulf. On Saturday evening, one week since they had sailed, they passed Cape Sable in plain sight. The lowlying and inviting-looking neck of sand, covered with tropical shrubs, resembled a siren, when, on looking closer, the gentle swell could be seen washing over the half-hidden,

jagged, menacing coral reefs, upon whose crests the waves foamed and broke with a gentle murmur.

The evening passed slowly away, the merry crowd taking no notice of the brilliant and many changing colors of the sky and waters of the sea, which changed from a soft green to a greasy, dark gray, and rose and fell in a sullen, melancholy way.

At about five o'clock the condition of the sky became so remarkable that one of the guests on deck called the attention of the company to it. Two long bows of twisted clouds, resembling huge ropes, stretched from horizon to horizon, and stood motionless at an equal distance on either side of the zenith. As the sinking sun shone on them they seemed a fiery red. Save for these two formations and a few fleecy clouds, which seemed to be hurrying to some place of safety, there was no other cloud in the clear sky. The sun, now a crimson ball of fire half below the horizon, cast a blood-red path of light across the almost motionless sea, and lighted up the two rope clouds with a fierce and glowing color, which made them seem as if they had a radiance of their own.

As the party gazed spellbound on this strange and freakish phenomenon, Richard called the attention of his father to what seemed to be a dark wall against the face of the sun. As they looked the wall became larger and larger, and seemed to spread out across the horizon on each side of the sun.

The evening closed in with noticeable absence of a breeze, which usually blows in those parts at sundown. However the passengers, who had been viewing the extraordinary sunset, went below to prepare for a celebration that was to be given in honor of the birthday of one of their number.

At nine o'clock the main salon of the yacht was crowded with young people in costume, dancing to the music of an orchestra which was on board for the purpose of furnishing entertainment for occasions like the present. Several asked

permission to open the windows wide because of the sultry condition of the air. One boy offered to open them who had never been at sea before. As he threw the windows open, he remarked: "How quiet the waters are! But that is all the better, because the boat will not rock, and we can dance with ease." Little he knew of the silent warnings of the sea.

When everyone was ready the music was started, and the couples swung through the dance. While the merriment was at its height, and everyone's attention was centered on the dancers, no one took notice of the entrance of the captain, with a very grave face, who spoke to Mr. Littleton. The two men went silently up from the ballroom to the deck.

Suddenly the merry couples ceased to swing, and the on-lookers were hushed. A low moaning sound, growing louder and louder each second, was borne along the breathless air. Each person looked inquiringly at another, until the attention of all was turned to Mr. Littleton, who appeared at the top of the stairs and said, "Is Richard here?" Immediately Richard came forward. Mr. Littleton took him aside and said: "It is coming on to blow, son; Captain Wheeler is too sick to manage the the ship in a storm, so you go and take charge in the pilot house." Then, turning to the uneasy party below, he said: "Go on with your dance; everything is all right."

Scarce were the words out of his mouth before the *Atlantis* jumped like a frightened steed. The first plunge precipitated most of the astounded merry-makers in heaps on the floor. Before they could regain their footing a deluge of water poured through the open windows, filling the room about a foot deep. Several men rushed to close the windows, and they managed with great difficulty, owing to the rolling of the vessel and the great velocity of the wind, to close them. As the windows were shut a terrific crash of lightning rent the air, followed by another and another; then

the whole heavens seemed ablaze, and peal after peal of deafening thunder rolled along the sky.

As the frightened guests huddled together like sheep, to make matters worse, the lights went out. There was a panic among the former merry-makers; some prayed, some swore, and others called loudly upon God to save them in this extremity.

In the pilot house Richard grimly set himself to hold the wheel in spite of fate. As he put the yacht's head to the wind a terrific blast shattered the glass in his face, wrecking all the instruments. There was nothing to do now but to face the wind and trust to Providence for their salvation. The squall, resembling in ferocity a West India hurricane, was now on in dead earnest. The engines of the poor *Atlantis*, now driven like a helpless thing, were mocked by the giant powers of the elements. The fury of the storm increased with the minutes, until it looked as if the *Atlantis* would either be lifted out of the water or that one of the mountainous waves would overwhelm her. Every expedient was used to fight for the open sea. As near as could be made out, they were being driven straight for the northern end of Cape Sable.

Suddenly the deep roar of breakers was heard ahead. All hope was now given up, and the passengers, donning life preservers—alas! little help in those seas!—waited for the inevitable crash which would mean the foundering of the vessel on one of the dangerous coral reefs. Just as the crash seemed about to happen, the gale ceased to blow as suddenly as it had begun. The pounding engines of the yacht arrested her backward drift, and the sailors dropped several anchors to insure the vessel against drifting. They were afraid to move for fear of striking a reef in any direction; so, waiting anxiously for the day to break, the passengers, half thankful for being saved, half afraid of they knew not what, huddled together on deck.

(Continued on page 65)

A Surprise



AWOKE. The air was warm; the heat oppressive. A strange, depressing silence pervaded everything. I "batted" my eyes, but the thick, black darkness was so much in evidence that I could not see my hand before me. My chest felt strangely warm; my pillow damp. I listened in vain that I might hear even a faint noise, but there was not the slightest sound to be heard.

I sat up. Something warm trickled down my chest. I quickly put my hand to the spot. My pajamas were saturated. What could it be? Just then the moon came out from behind a cloud and a faint ray of light shone through the shutters. I looked at my hand. The warm, sticky substance was red. Holy Mother! What had happened? Had I been stabbed? I was afraid to move, lest I should make a noise. Was someone in the room with me? No—everything was quiet. I got up. I felt weak; my hands trembled; my legs were unsteady. I felt for the light. It did not seem as though it was where it should have been. I could not find it. Groping into the next room, I found a match. I struck it; but my hand was trembling so that, after one feeble glimmering, it went out. I struck another. Its cheerful glow lighted up the darkness. I was covered with *blood!* I, however, did not seem to be hurt. I lit the lamp, and with it in my hand, went back into the bedroom. As I passed from one room into the other, I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror. The mystery was explained! *My nose had been bleeding!* As was my usual custom, I had been sleeping on a very large pillow, and this had caused my head to be in such a position that the major part of the blood had fallen on my chest.

After a hearty laugh, a good bath, and a clean pair of pajamas, my slumbers were resumed, and the remainder of the night was uneventful.

W. H. MCGOWAN, '23.

Driftwood


One day, while sitting by the sea,
Musing on life, not mirth,
A peculiar thought occurred to me,
That were not all of us here on earth
Driftwood?

We float upon the sea of life,
Guided by false desires;
We ignore the conditions that here are rife,
And drift along with the stream,
Listlessly driven here and there, almost as if in a dream,
Like driftwood!

Yet under this worldly, vulgar hide
In most of us there beats
A heart that yearns to not abide
In commonplace retreats.
We can be made to tell strange tales of barbaristic wonder,
If our prosaic lives are touched, much as a match is touched,
To driftwood.

RALPH MORRISSEY, '23.

Aversions

E was a genius. Undoubtedly! His essays and literary criticisms were of such a high order that only the professors could fully appreciate and understand them. He was a junior at Scathmore University, but few of the professors were more intelligent than he. His writings gained first prize in all the college publications. The professors predicted that in ten years, if he still continued improving, he would be without a peer in the literary world.

Roger Bainbridge's greatest aversion and enemy was lurid fiction. If he saw you reading anything that smacked of vulgarity or risqueness, you were no friend of his. It was not wholly the vulgarity that he hated—do not believe that, for Roger was not a prude. But he did believe that vulgarity did lessen the artistic or literary value of a writing.

He was popular, in a way, at the University, but the greater number of the students did not mix with him. They regarded him with a sort of awe, as if he was some irreproachable being. Roger was a good fellow, for all of that, if you only knew him. If one heartily agreed with him on his aversion, one could not have found a better pal in all the world.

Roger liked nothing better than to visit the professors and spend many long hours discussing the technique of Voltaire, compared with that of his lesser contemporaries. If he found in an old bookshop a dusty old tome, that had a really high literary merit, he felt like one who discovers new worlds. He felt within him the glow of a man that has drunk heavily of the fermented juice of the grape. He would carry the volume home as carefully as if it had been a fragile Venetian bowl, and guard it as painstakingly as one guards a coffer of diamonds.

Such, in a nutshell, is the history, or, I should say, the characteristics of Roger. One could write two or three volumes about his literary researches, perhaps, but this is a story instead of a chronicle.

Roger was human. This we have stated before; but he was too human in this instance. He committed the error of falling in love! Can you imagine that? How a man of his deep learning could stoop to such a commonplace happening is a riddle that is very hard to guess. But I guess that Roger was rather like the rest of us under his thick veneer of learning.

The object of his infatuation was a very studious co-ed in the university. Her love of his ideals had drawn him to her. Miss Mary Hall was considered by the professors to be one of the most brilliant young ladies that had ever entered the college.

Roger and Mary spent many happy hours together discussing the relative merits of authors long in their graves. Gradually things were coming to an understanding. Roger knew that a more intelligent woman than she was hard to find. He also realized that this woman, as his wife, could help him along his road to literary prominence. They both had the same high ideals and conceptions of life. They both had literary souls. In other words, they were in perfect accord with each other. He resolved that soon he would broach the question of marriage to her.

A week had passed since his resolution had been made. He determined to go to Mary that night and ask her if she would become his wife. Roger was treading on air. His thoughts were all on her. What if she should refuse? This could not be. Terror gnawed his heart. He passed this thought off as quickly as it had entered his mind. His ambitions, hopes, expectations, would all be consummated by their marriage.

Dressed more tidily, and with a brisker step than usual, he made his way to his beloved's house. He decided to sur-

prise her. He had not told her that he was coming; so, without the formality of a knock, he opened the door hesitatingly. He saw Mary sitting before the fire, deeply engrossed in some volume that she was perusing. She was so deeply interested that she did not hear the door open.

Just then her mother called her to come and help with the icing of a cake. Mary laid the book carefully on a table, and hurriedly went to her mother's bidding, for, as we have said before, Mary was quite an extraordinary young lady.

A sudden thought occurred to Roger. He would slip in and surprise her when she came back.

A half hour passed, and Mary came back to finish her very interesting book. She speedily found the place and settled herself in a comfortable chair before the fire, and soon was drawn from the land of uninteresting prosaics to the land of romance and unrealities.

* * * * *

Everyone wondered why Roger lost interest in Mary. He hardly spoke when he saw her. His world seemed to have fallen. He gave himself wholly to his books, and never again was seen among the fair sex. They interested him no longer. No one knew the cause of his strange behavior, not even Mary. She was more surprised than angry.

I suppose that it is necessary to say that a small atom, more or less, had caused this very strange happening; but a small book knew, a small book with a red cover, bearing the garish title, "Rene Mauperin; or the Life and Passions of an Artist's Model." This was the very interesting volume that had graced the studious hands of Mary Hall that winter's night when Roger had known the heights and depths of life.

RALPH MORRISSEY, '23.



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OUR HEADMASTER.

The work of our prep school days now having been finished, we turn our eyes upon the world and greater things, for there is yet much to be accomplished, and, while striving for greater things, we shall always have a pleasant memory—that of our prep school days, made pleasant by thoughts of our headmaster. To us there will always be one to whom we owe so much and can never hope to fully repay. Our tasks and trials will always be fresh in our minds, and with them there will always be tender memory of that helping hand, the like of which we shall never know again. One whose kind heart shared all our troubles, ever ready to give both aid and advice. Many times when we were doubtful and downcast, and everything seemed hopeless, we should have undoubtedly failed miserably in our tasks had it not been for our headmaster's kindly aid. We have no doubt often offended him willingly, as also unknowingly, by some unkind remark or disregard for his teachings

and advice, yet he bore it all, realizing our weakness and lack of experience in worldly affairs. The appreciation of the value of his fatherly admonition grows clearer day by day. Stern reality now brings us to realize what those days spent under him will mean in the battle of life. Our estimate of what his honorable teachings have meant and will mean to us will be demonstrated by the lives we lead and the success we attain. Memory of him will always bring this passage to our minds: "He gave so much and asked so little in return."

TWO NEW MEDALS.

THE BULLETIN is pleased to record this year the establishment of two new gold medals in the school—the Kappa Alpha Phi medal for English and the Martin athletic medal.

We wish to express here the appreciation of the entire school at this action of the Kappa Alpha Phi chapter at Montgomery Bell Academy. Students don't often give medals; they are usually entirely content to receive them. It is a fine piece of patriotism, we think, showing not only a high regard for the school, but a desire to interest the boys as far as possible in the study and writing of English. It is aimed also at improving and building up the school paper, for the boy who has work of his appearing during the year in the BULLETIN is up to a certain point accorded some advantages in competition with a boy who has done nothing of the kind. This is a very handsome medal, and is to be awarded annually.

The Martin athletic medal, founded by Mr. Wm. M. Martin, is one of the most beautiful medals that we have ever seen. For this new evidence of his interest in the school, we wish to express also the appreciation of the entire student body.

Mr. Martin has always been interested in athletics, but not solely in the building up of a good animal. Nor is this medal awarded on any such terms. To earn it, a student

truly must be a good athlete, but character figures largely in this award, and influence exerted to uphold in the school not only the highest type of clean sport, but also to maintain a reasonable balance of one's own athletic and classroom interests. There are other considerations besides, all of which make this medal a high distinction indeed, of which anyone may well be proud. Mr. Martin has done us a greater service, perhaps, than most of us realize, emphasizing clearly in this way true and clean sportsmanship; there should be no other. Competition for a distinction like this should be the making of many a fine man in the future at M. B. A.

We, the Seniors of 1923, have about completed the foundation of our life's work. We are about to begin the structure itself. Some of the buildings will be located in the best sections of the State, and will be built of beautiful, yet firm and strong materials, while others will occupy a less distinguished position and be constructed of inferior materials.

Few of us have realized during our few years in prep school that the character of our foundation determines the nature of our building. If the foundation is weak, it will not stand a heavy building; but if, however, it is strong and well built, it will support a massive structure. Through the patience, kindness and impartiality of Mr. Ball, we have all had an equal chance to collect the materials for our respective buildings. He has ever been fair and square with each one of us, but have we, in turn, been as equally fair with him? Have we been as considerate of him as he has of us? Do we appreciate the principles of character for which he stands and so clearly portrays himself? Can we realize that for each time he has justly rebuked us that there have been twofold praises for us? Fellows, if we cannot see these things, we have no business being Seniors of Montgomery Bell Academy. If there be one of us who has

not done something in school to be well remembered by, let him not give up, for it is not too late. We all must accomplish at least one worthy deed, both for the maintenance of the good name of the school, and in order that Mr. Ball may proudly say, "That boy attended Montgomery Bell while I was headmaster."

SECOND STRINGERS.

It matters not whether you are playing football, basketball, baseball, track, getting up in literary society and making a speech or just pegging away at the daily grind; it is always a good thing to remember that, although you may be good in your own way, there is probably someone better than you.

We all can't be first. Of course, I know that sometimes it seems hard to work every day and feel that you are accomplishing nothing. Just remember that we are all pulling together for old M. B. A. and that you are helping just as much by doing your part as a second stringer as is the man on the first team.

Because the coach doesn't happen to see your best qualities immediately, don't get disheartened and sore or blame it on him; just stick, and if you are really there, sooner or later your opportunity will come.

By all means keep first in your mind that it is not your name which you are making, but the name of your school.

Montgomery Bell Academy is an old school. Even before the Civil War M. B. A. was quite a flourishing institution. Like nearly everything that is old, our school was handed down to us as a heritage, something to be revered. Age but adds greatness.

For as far back as the establishment of the school, its school spirit and honor have been very marked. It is truly a great thing to love a school like a being, yet it amounts to this fidelity in many cases at M. B. A.

I will not attempt to tell of the many incidents of school spirit, for it would be an endless task, for Montgomery Bell is teeming with spirit. As much now as ever, I hope.

A heritage is no easy thing to live up to, especially in the case of M. B. A. Our school was handed down to us, as a cherished gift, by hands that held its honor as their own. Countless years of preparation and work have made the school what it is today. Every truly great thing requires age to bring it forth. Like an old violin, which gathers tone and resonance with age, our school has gathered a high sense of honor and a keen perception of the higher side of life. Beside these material things, there is a glamour that pervades the school. We cannot look at the register of the school without seeing the names of men who have distinguished themselves in many ways. Her graduates shall be her best testimony.

Let me impress upon the boys what we have to live up to. M. B. A. has been handed down to us as a legacy, and it is our duty to keep its standard high. It is our duty to remember that for years men have striven to bring our school up to the level that it has now attained, and that it is more than our duty to keep it so.

It is almost a sacrilege to desecrate or lessen the ideals of such an institution. Let us always cherish the memory of Montgomery Bell Academy and pass our school, when we leave it, to those who are fully aware of its significance.

We Seniors do not realize that these are our last days at M. B. A. We do not realize that soon we will be out of prep school, and will soon start on our college or business career.

While now it may seem that to get out of high school is the main objective, we will look back later with a sort of yearning to be back at prep school.

It has been said that a man's happiest days are spent at prep school. I believe that this is true. For the prep school

age is the age that is not too thoughtlessly young nor too old and staid. The high school boy has just begun to realize his importance and responsibility, and this responsibility is not the responsibility of age. It is the responsibility of youth, which is a truly wonderful thing.

Let us take our last years at M. B. A. seriously. The reputation we make at prep school follows us through life. Let us fully realize that the other students take as a rule that which the Seniors carry out. Let us live up to our name. Let us fill our preparatory life with achievements upon which we may look back with pride.

"As the tree is bent, so will it grow." This is undeniably true. The same statement is as equally true when it refers to man. If you find a limb that is warped and crooked, and straighten it, it will grow and develop into a straight limb.

Fellows, you may not have realized it, but you will be exactly the same man in later life that you are in school today; if you are not reliable now, you won't be later on. If you are given to dishonesty and lying, you will have the same tendency in later life. If you are satisfied with yourself now, do not stop and remain contented, because no one can stand still—you either have to go forward, or else descend.

You may not have thought much about it, but you have come in contact with the best straightener in the world while you have attended M. B. A. It has taken some boys from a well-worn rut and set them on a completely new path. Some have been more susceptible than others, and have greatly profited by it, while a few have been mighty hard to reach, but I do not believe that there ever has been a boy who attended the school who hasn't benefited to some extent by his presence at the school. There is something there that does it. We feel it every day. It's there—we seem to fairly breathe it; one can almost touch it. What is

it? Is it athletics, the math. department, or what? It couldn't be, because other schools have math. departments, athletics, etc. I'll tell you what it is: it's you and me, it's all of us, our whole family, who exude that fine spirit that is even felt by strangers and outsiders. And the school has had this spirit for seventy-six years.

Are you going to let it waver and slip? You are the school's representative; it depends upon you; it hasn't slipped or wavered in the past. If it is at all possible, will you not push it still higher? You can, because there is no one who cannot improve.

We have the best school in the country, and the finest bunch of teachers anywhere, but they cannot do it all—you have to help, although they will do more than their share. There are other things to school besides just books, and the one who has learned nothing but books has failed. Now, I don't mean to say neglect your books and learn the other things, because you will fail likewise, but the two, procured together, are an unbeatable combination.

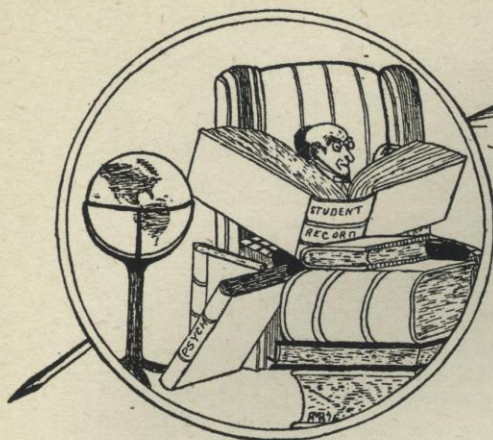
I could go on indefinitely telling you of the wonderful attributes that our school has, but you know of them and you've felt it, because it's there. And it depends upon you to keep it there. Be fair, always expect a square deal, and you will get it if you are fair, and remember that "he profits most who serves best."

AN ADVENTURE AT SEA

(Continued from page 53)

After what seemed ages, the gray of the dawn began to appear, and soon the sun shone forth in a fresh and azure sky, showing the *Atlantis*, a water-logged wreck, scarcely able to float, anchored for dear life one-quarter of a mile off the ugly, hidden reefs of Cape Sable.

JOHN A. BALL, '24.



ALUMNI NOTES

Buford Wilson, '15, was the second M. B. A. man to volunteer his services in the war. From school he enlisted in the U. S. Sixth Marines and continued with them until the end of the war. He was engaged in the battles of Chateau Thierry and Belleau Wood. On returning to America he entered college at Sewanee to complete his course. He graduates from there in June, and has accepted a position to teach at M. B. A.

* * *

Mr. W. H. Soper, '95, moved from Nashville to West Virginia, where he was engaged for some years in the coal mining fields. He has recently sold one of his fields to Henry Ford for a very considerable sum, and returning to this city, has purchased the beautiful Van Leer Kirkman home on the Franklin Road.

* * *

A pamphlet has been received at school, entitled "Written by Andrew Jackson IV, 1900," who now resides in Los Angeles, California. This was written in conjunction with Frank J. Klingburg, and contains pleasant appreciations of Old Hickory, together with many quotations from his letters.

In the *Literary Digest* of May 19th, on the poetry page, we find quoted a poem of Charles Moss, '20. This is a high distinction for a boy still in his undergraduate years at college. The poem was quoted by the *Digest* from a publication entitled *Driftwood Flame*, the work of undergraduates at Vanderbilt. In this volume Charles Moss has a leading part, five of his poems appearing in this number. With such a start he should travel far.

* * *

Phillip M. Harrison, '18, is a member of the newly established firm of Harrison Bros., florists, on Church Street.

* * *

Ben M. Bransford, '16, is the chief traveling salesman for a big West Kentucky coal company.

* * *

J. Enloe Dodson, '16, is an engineer in the service of the State Highway Commission, and is now engaged in the construction of the new Harding Road.

* * *

Garrett C. Davis is in the employ of Chas. E. Glosser & Co., dealers in stocks and bonds.

* * *

C. C. Trabue, '87; Thomas H. Malone, '86; and William E. Norvell, '02, still keep in touch with M. B. A. activities, having served recently as judges in M. B. A. declamation contests to select the men to represent us at Sewanee and Castle Heights.

* * *

The alumni on the school board at present are: Smith Tennyson, '76; W. O. Harris, '88; John Early, '84; Tom H. Joy, '07; Drew Rowen, '03; Alfred E. Howell, '73.

Mr. Howell has recently moved from Nashville, and this vacancy, together with that caused by the death of Judge G. N. Tillman, president of the board, will be the occasion, we trust, for two more Montgomery Bell men to be added

to the board. We are of the opinion that a school is best cared for by its alumni, or by a board the majority of whom are its alumni.

* * *

P. L. Hoyte, '75, president of Webb Manufacturing Co., died during May, 1923.

* * *

C. D. Bates, '08, is in the service of the United Fruit Co., in Central America, as is also Thomas O. Nowlin, '17, who is located in Guatemala.

* * *

W. Van Roy Andrews, '06, died during 1923.

* * *

Rogers C. Caldwell, '08, has developed into one of the leading real estate and bond men in the city. The new office building on the corner of Fourth and Union is one of the projects of his firm, which is also engaged in the financing of similar structures in many cities of the country.

* * *

Meredith Caldwell, '09, is president of the Union Stockyards Co., of Nashville.

* * *

Frank Hill Greener, '21, attending the University of Louisville, died May 27, very suddenly owing to an attack of appendicitis, with other complications.

* * *

Frank E. Hagar, '10, is in Chicago on the staff of one of the Chicago papers.

* * *

Forrest F. Allen, '17, at present in New York City, was married during the present year.

* * *

I. K. Shelton, '84, is in the cotton business at Kemp, Texas.

A. E. Christian, '19, is in business now in St. Louis, Mo.

* * *

The BULLETIN regrets to mention the death of Sam LeBlanc, who was killed in an automobile accident during the present year.

* * *

W. B. Landis, '20, has settled in Detroit, and is in the employ of a large bank of that city.

* * *

Armstrong Matthews, '20, who has been at work during the past year under surveying corps, Indianola mines in Pennsylvania, will return next year to Lehigh to complete his course.

* * *

Tom Remy, Jr., '19, has gone with his father into business in Seattle, Wash.

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We have received exchanges from the following school papers during our past school year, for which we are very much gratified, and hope that during the next year they will still be among us.

The school papers, as a whole, this year have been very good, and we can see that the younger generation are certainly doing something in their school life that will be of great benefit to them after they have started on life's journey.

We want to thank you again, one and all, for the exchanges, and hope to see you again next fall.

The exchanges are as follows:

N., C. & St. L. News Item, Tennessee.

Peabody Volunteer, Peabody Demonstration School, Tennessee.

Wallace World, Wallace University School, Tennessee.

The Prattler, Girls' Preparatory School, Tennessee.

The Haviland Acts, David Lipscomb College, Tennessee.

The Echo, Hume-Fogg High School, Tennessee.

The Delphian, Moses Brown School, Rhode Island.

The Cavalier, Castle Heights M. A., Tennessee.

The Normalite, Middle Tennessee State Normal, Tennessee.

The Whip, Lebanon High School, Tennessee.

The Cumberland Kick-Off, Cumberland University, Tennessee.

The Orange and White, University of Tennessee, Tennessee.

The Concordiensis, Union College, New York.

IN OUR OPINION

The Prattler—Have never seen so much improvement.
Keep it up, girls.

Haviland Acts—A dandy paper.

The Delphian—A very good paper, but I would suggest
a few jokes.

The Normalite—The best illustrated paper that we have
exchanged.

The Whip—Not quite so many ads, and a few short sto-
ries.



Letter Men in School

Perry Sawyers (Pete), Football, '19, '20, '21, '22, Baseball, '18, '19, '20, '23, Basketball, '22; Zach Coles (Zach), Football, '22, Baseball, '19; Julian Mayo (Bulldog), Football, '21, '22, Basketball, '22 (Manager); George Baker (Gorgeous), Football, '21, '22; Benton Neil (Fatty), Football, '20, '21, '22, Track, '21; Lehman Lusky (Pluto), Football, '20, '21, '22; William Martin (Mush), Football, '21, '22, Basketball, '20, '21, '22, Baseball, '19, Manager '20; Charles Hardin (Chile), Football, '22, Baseball, '22, '23; Don Buell (Don), Football, '22, Basketball, '22; Howard Eaton (Smuck), Football, '21, '22, Basketball, '22, '23, Track, '22, Baseball, '22, '23; John Kelley (Hog), Football, '22; Owen Hines (Onie), Football, '22, Track, '22; John Charles Rhea (Granville Jack), Football, '22; Edward Young (Ed), Football, '21, '22, Basketball, '22, '23, Baseball, '22, '23; Henry Piper (Rudolph), Football, '22, Track, '22; Lenord Raulston (Ram), Football, '22; John Cartwright (Molly), Football, '20, Manager '21; Hubert Reed (Sweetie), Basketball, '23; Thomas Roberts (Duck), Basketball, '23, Baseball, '22, '23; James E. Walker (Jim Ed), Basketball, '22, '23; Lynn Bedford (Peterloe), Basketball, '23; Wickliffe Read (Wicky), Baseball, '22, Manager '23; Jack Blair (Jack), Baseball, '23; Preston Harvill (Pres), Baseball, '23; Floyd Keene (Keller), Baseball, '22, '23; Gus Tuck (Cue Head), Baseball, '23; Kennedy Jones, Baseball, '23; William Fitzgerald (Fitz), Baseball, '23; Vincent Murray (Vinc), Baseball, '23; Harry Ferguson, Baseball, '23.

*Charles Emerson Byron, Cramp's All-American Hockey Team, '16; Representative at Whisker-Growing Contest at Polinsky, '19, '20; Representative at Soccer Meet, Oxfordia, '21, '22; Marbles, '20.



On Tuesday, May 15, 1923, Judge G. N. Tillman, president of the Board of Trustees of the Montgomery Bell Academy, passed away. Judge Tillman was one of Nashville's best citizens. Since the years following the Civil War he had been a member of the Board of Trustees. Though conservative always, he was warmly attached to the school. Judge Tillman was a distinguished member of the Nashville bar. Out of respect to his death, all school activities were suspended on the following day.

* * *

Chas. Byron and William Martin were sent by the school to the interscholastic meet of the University of the South (Sewanee). Both procured medals, Charlie winning first place in the declamation contest out of a field of sixteen. There were only three entered in the debating contest, so "Mush" got third place and a bronze medal. Hurrah for "Mush"!

* * *

On May 13 the debating and declamation teams, composed of Simon Cohen and William Martin, debaters, and Ralph Morrissey, declaimer, met the Castle Heights teams in a joint contest at Lebanon. Although we were out-talked and out-argued, we tried to shout 'em down, especially Ralph, when, in the middle of his declamation, his voice reached such a high pitch that he shook several pictures down in the rear of the hall.

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We wonder why Ed., Plute, George, Pete, and a host of others have been on the Honor Roll lately? Are they just studiously inclined and have been hiding their brightness and knowledge under a bushel, or what?

* * *

Kelly's scheme for making money was only rivaled by Ponzi and Clarence Saunders. Come on and produce, "Hog," and pay us that dime.

* * *

Moultrie: "Father, I can't eat this soup."

Mr. Ball: "Waiter, bring him some more soup."

Moultrie: "Father, I can't eat this soup."

Mr. Ball: "Waiter, bring the young man some other soup."

Moultrie: "Father, still I can't eat this soup."

Mr. Ball: "Well, why the deuce can't you?"

Moultrie: "I have no spoon."

* * *

TOILERS OF THE SEA.

"My heart is in the ocean!" exclaimed the poet.

"Well, you've got me beat," said his seasick friend, as he staggered toward the rail.

* * *

Jack: "Shall I have your lunch brought up on deck, Jim?"

Seasick Jim: "Never mind, Jack; just have them throw it overboard. It will save time and trouble."

* * *

Captain: "All is lost! We cannot save the ship!"

Moses: "Do you hear what he says, Aby? The ship is going to sink."

Aby: "Well, let it sink—vot do we care? Ve don't own it."

Billy Sunday: "I wonder what became of those bold young women who spoke to us last night?"

Gypsy Smith: "No use worrying; I couldn't find them, either."

* * *

"That's my idea of a broad, educated man," said the driver of the road roller as he glided over the body of the professor.

* * *

"Did you see Oliver Twist, auntie?"

"Hush, child; you know I don't attend a show of that kind."

* * *

'Fessor: "Give me the number of tons of coal shipped out of the United States in one year, Bert."

Bert: "In 1492, none."

* * *

Dapper: "Is Jim's wife jealous?"

Dan: "Is she jealous? Why, whenever she finds a hair on Jim's coat she makes him show her the horse."

* * *

Lady: "How much will I have to pay for a pair of hose?"

Clerk: "About two dollars."

Lady: "They come pretty high, don't they?"

Clerk: "Yes, but remember you're a rather tall lady."

* * *

"Sir, your creditors await you without."

"Without what?"

"Without the door."

"Well, give 'em that, too."

* * *

Bystanders: "Where is the driver? Get him."

Victim: "Wait, boys, wait. I was trying to cross the street and the driver stopped and motioned me to go across. The shock was too great."

"Gosh! I'm embarrassed. I gotta patch in the seat of my trousers!"

"Why, don't let that worry you. Think how embarrassed you'd be if the patch wasn't there."

* * *

Baby (crying): "Papa, I want a drink."

Papa: "Shut up, you little idiot—so do I, but I don't go around crying about it."

* * *

Excited Motorist (on the phone): "Is this the garage?"

Garageman: "Yes."

Excited Motorist: "Well, send help, as I've turned turtle."

Garageman: "You don't want a garage—you want an aquarium."

* * *

"All I need now is a golf stick," murmured the facetious convict as he gazed sadly at the ball on the links."

* * *

A. B. C. to Mrs. C. B. C.: "Did you hear the stepladder fall, mother?"

Mrs. C. B. C.: "Yes; I hope your father didn't fall."

A. B. C.: "He hasn't yet; he's hanging to the picture moulding."

* * *

Young Female Clerk: "Let me show you some pretty stockings."

Young Male Customer: "Now, now, that's not nice! Papa spank!"

* * *

It was midnight on the ocean,
And was storming to beat the band,
But the sailor didn't mind it—
He was sitting on dry land.

—Baxter.

"The stork has brought a little peach,"
The nurse said, with an air.
"I'm mighty glad," the father said,
"He didn't bring a pair."

—*Tiger.*

* * *

With a bottle or two of rare old wine,
And a maiden of features and form divine,
On a night just made for love and laughter—
Say, who gives a damn for the morning after?

—*Brown Jug.*

* * *

A street car is just like a girl,
I think you'll not find me wrong.
Let this one go and you'll find out,
There'll be another one along.

—*Black and Blue Jug.*

* * *

Landlady (looking in cup of coffee): "Looks like rain today, doesn't it?"

Jim Ed. (looking at coffee): "Yes, but it smells like coffee."

* * *

I will admit that I can't write poetry. I tried once, but on being told there were pupils in the blind school who could play basketball better than I could write poetry, I quit. Well, if I can't write it, I certainly can copy it.

A pair of silk bloomers,
A ribbon or two,
A tiny brassiere,
And some garters—pale blue;
Small satin slippers,
And sheer chiffon hose,
A snaky black frock—
These are her clothes.

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Soft, waving tresses,
Malicious, deep eyes,
A startled fawn eyebrow,
Lack of brains to disguise;
A gold-plated line,
Ever ready to hurl;
A bunch of "personality"—
This is the girl.

* * *

Jimmie Riddle turned up in school with a huge black eye. We asked him where he got it and, after some hesitation, he told us. "Well," Jimmie said, "I was out at Eleanore's house last night, and we were in the front room dancing, and Mr. Warren is deaf and couldn't hear the Victrola."

* * *

Mr. Cherry has a new son. Hurrah for 'Fess. Che.! But we just wish to add if he grows up to be half as fine a fellow as Mr. Cherry, he will be some man!

* * *

Traveling salesman (with four minutes to catch the train): "Can't you go faster than this, my man?"

Conductor: "Yes, but I have to stay with my car."

* * *

Millionaire (speaking to body of students): "All my success, all my prestige, I owe to one thing alone—pluck! 'Pluck'—that's the magic word!"

Student: "But how do we know the right people to pluck?"

* * *

"Well, son, did you give the judge my note?"

"Yes, sir, boss, but 'tain't no use writing dat man."

"Why do you say such a thing, son?"

"'Cause he's blind—blind as a bat. Do you know, he asked me twice where my hat was, and it was on my head all the time!"

First Convict: "When I get out of this place I am going to have a hot time—ain't you?"

Second Convict: "I don't know—I'm in for life."

* * *

What we hope to see, but what we have never yet seen:
Connor on time.

Ransom without his hair vaselined.

Cartwright without his green vest.

Mr. Caldwell without his derby.

Mr. Cherry without his key-ring.

Riddle on the honor roll.

Moore B. off the honor roll.

Martin not talking.

Bracy let go of his tennis racquet.

Ralls without his Battees ?

Eakin without a cigarette.

Niles with a smile.

Ralls buy a package of candy.

Davis at roll call.

Mr. Lisenby late to class.

* * *

To the uninitiated, the following personages and things have no significance. It takes freshmen some time to enlightened themselves on this matter. I am going to set down some of the school curiosities that every freshman will be familiar with sooner or later. I hope, by chronicling these interesting bits, that boys coming into school next year may procure a copy of this BULLETIN and refer to this in much the same way that a wonder-struck tourist refers to the guidebook of Westminster Abbey. What follows is what no freshman or anyone else should miss seeing if he attends or otherwise inhabits the school. Here goes:

"The humming bird's nest."

The peculiar dog with three legs.

The sewer pipe.

The spring house.

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The wonderful imitation of Niagara Falls, from the top window.

Mr. Cherry's French V. class.

The army of the locks.

Ferguson's orchestra.

Will.

The bull session in the provision room at Period Seven.

Charles Vaughn.

Byron's haircut.

Martin's pipe.

Mr. Caldwell's cheese sandwiches.

Hix.

Latin X class.

Mr. Lisenby's cigars.

Lusky's heart-breaking.

Tobe.

Cartwright's Winton (the car that is the synonym for automobile perfection).

Mr. Cherry's time list.

Eaton's sheiking.

The bulletin board.

And last, but not least, the morning mail!

